

THE
C H E A T S.
A
C O M E D Y:

Written in the Year, M.DC.LXII.

The Third Edition.

Hor. Sermon. I.

—*Ridentem dicere verum,
Quis vetat?*—

IMPRIMATUR,
Nov. 5. 1663.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed by James Rowles for John Wright, Moses Pitt, Thomas
Suckling, and Gabriel Collins, 1684.

THE
C. H. F. A. S.



Subscription fund of 1902.

Written in the Year, MDCCLXII.

The Third Edition.

HOT. 20. 11.

Richmond, 1802.

Printed by...

IMPRIMATUR.

Nov. 2. 1802.

L O N D O N.

Printed by James R. Smith for John H. Smith, 1802.

THE
AUTHOR,
TO THE
READER.

Petron. Arbitr.

—*Non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, Hic, Spinas colligit, ille, Rosas.*

I Have ever had so little Faith for Apologies, that I rather believ'd they did more hurt than good; and for the most part, left things in a worse condition than they found them. The sense of this, made me pass some late Censures in silence; and perhaps, might have oblig'd me to the same still, had I not found a Dust rais'd, and believ'd it my concern to blow it off; at least, endeavour it.—To come to the Matter; This Comedy was lately acted, and (as it fares with things of this nature) variously received; Nor could I well have expected other: It were too much fondness (not to say worse) to tax that freedom in another, which I should think hard to be deny'd my self:—No—this is nothing of the point; All that I take notice of, is this, How justly it may have deserv'd all that has been said upon't; unless People would have it dealt with, like Don Quixot's Library; some hurt for the Curate's sake, other for the Barber's, and not the least for the good Woman.—Not to detain you longer in the Porch, I have at present, but this short Request, That it may speak for it self:—And first (to take the Parts as they lie) I shall begin with Bilboe, and Titere Tu; the one usurping the name of a Major; the other, of a Captain; whereas in truth (and, as may be gather'd

The Author to the Reader.

from their discourse) they never were either, or scarcely, any thing like it.---A humour that can be no wise strange to any Man that knew this Town, between the Years 46, and 50, and being so understood, will be as unlikely to prove an occasion of Scandal, to any Person of Honour; For if I have shewn the odd practices of two vain persons, pretending to what they were not, I think I have sufficiently justify'd the brave Man, even by this Reason, That the Exception proves the Rule.---And further, if there be any thing in their Language that may seem loose, be pleased to consider who they are that speak it; and then I hope you'll thus far absolve me, as to say, I had as ill brought 'um in, with a pair of Beads at their Girdle, as my Puritan Constable, with a Feather in his Cap.---But secondly, for the second Scene; I am confident I may pass it, and come to the Third; where (and in other parts of the Play) if you meet with a small pretender to Astrology, Physick, the Rosycrucian humour, Fortune-telling, and I know not what: Or in the fifth Act, Qualiacunque voles vendentem somnia,---I shall instead of pled to it, only enlarge my request, That you would but run over the late Adventures of that kind; the sad effects of which, may be well fear'd to live among the people, when the persons that writ 'um may be either dead, or forgotten:---Nor do I think I ought to ask pardon, that I have taken a Levite, to this Tiraphim; since whoever shall give himself the trouble of Enquiry, will (without the least force upon the Text) easily find, that both alike have spoken Vanity.---But fourthly, for what concerns Ranter, though I think I might have let that pass too; yet, because I would not be mis-understood, give me leave to believe, That no wise Man can conceive either Profession, viz. Common, or Civil Law, could be intended in it:---For as to the first, those that know my way of Education, will be ready to excuse me thus far; That had I design'd that, I must necessarily have laid it another way; and perhaps too, might have been able to have don't:---Or if I had struck at the latter, That I was not so altogether a Stranger to it, as not to have run it higher.---Let this suffice to both, That I made use of no more, than what serv'd to my purpose; and so I leave it to a favourable Interpretation, and come to the fifth Scene, viz. Mr. Scruple; where, if any Man shall say, I have trod too near upon Religion; I hope, upon his second thoughts, I may trust my Cause with him; when, if he shall rightly understand it, he will easily perceive, That I have only shewn how that venerable Name has been abus'd, and that best thing made

The Author to the Reader

made Bawd to the worst Actions.—Lastly, To any Man that shall say, Such or such humours have either been in the Town before, or formerly writ upon, give me leave to offer this to the first 3. That Comedy either is, or should be the true picture of Vertue, or Vice, yet sadnam, as to shew a Man how to follow the one, and avoid the other, in doing which, if I had fram'd any thing that was nil, I had not only belyd the Town, but wrong'd my self.—Doth not Martial say of his Epigrams, Dictavit audior? And was not Quicquid agant homines—Horace's farrago?—As to the second, If it has been said so long since, That there is nothing which has not been before, I hope (if I may have border'd upon any one that has gone before) I am thus far excusable, that I have purposely declin'd both his matter, and his way.—To which, if the contrary shall chance to be objected, I think it enough at present to say, That I am in Possession 3. and a bare They say, without forming, and comparing the place, will not be sufficient to evict me out of it.—To be short, Were there nothing more, even this were enough 3. That there is hardly any thing left to write upon, but what either the Ancients or Moderns have some way or other touch'd on.—Did not Apulejus take the Rice of his Golden Ass, from Lucian's Lucius? And Erasmus, his Alcumistica, from Chaucer's Canons Yeomans Tale? And Ben. Johnson, his more happy Alchymist, from both? The Argument were everlasting—Sed Cynthia aurem Vellit, & admonuit.—And therefore, upon the whole matter, whoever may have seen the Play, or shall happen to read this, I have but two things more to beg of him:—The one, That by a new Comment, he pick not out any ill meaning, which I never intended: Improbe facit, qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est.—The other, That he remember that of the Tragedian; Si judicas, cognosce. And then perhaps, I may have deserv'd his thanks, that I thus hung out the Bux, to discover the Rock; and drew the Curtain from an old Cheat, to no other end, but to prevent a new.—Farewel.

Novemb. 16.

1663.

THE

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Custom prevails, and somewhat must be said,
 To tie your hands, and save the Author's head,
 'Tis a new Play, you'll cry—What then? 'Twere too
 Too much to find you Meat, and Stomachs too:
 But since it must—Expect no Bill of Fare;
 No—I shall only tell ye, What's not here.
 We've no Sententious Sir—No grave Sir Poll;
 No little Pug, nor Devil—Bless us all!
 No tedious Seiges to the Musick-Room;
 Nor frisks abroad—No—Our Scene's all at home:
 But if you ask me, how?—Troth, I've forgot:
 And now I think on't;—It may spoil the Plot,
 To give's you before hand—What e're it be,
 Have but a little patience, and you'll see.

ANOTHER.

Intended, upon the Revival of the Play, but not spoken.

Sad News, My Masters; and too true, I fear,
 For us—Scruple's a silent Minister.
 Would ye the Cause?—The Brethren smile, and say,
 'Tis scandalous that any Cheat, but they.
 Well—To be short; He's been before the Tryers,
 And (by good Fortune) is got out o' th' Bryers:
 Where, if he lost a Limb, to save the rest,
 No hurt—Here's yet enough, to know the Beast:
 Nor let the Sisters pule—(I'll tell y' a thing)
 He may be libb'd, and yet have left a String.

THE EPILOGUE;

Spoken by Mopsus.

I Had almost forgot—Let's see—What Weather?
Nor fair—Nor foul—Indifferent—Both together:
Clear, if no Clouds, nor Mistling—If there should,
It shall proceed from former Causes:—Good.
So much for Doctrine:—To apply it now,
Ye've had a Play: But whether good, or no,
'Tis past my Glaze:—Yet guess, the Weather will
Prove fair enough, unless you make it ill.
'Tis you must make the Play, or stand, or fall;
Therefore, By me, To you, and you, and All,
The Author bows—And perhaps, reason for't;
Some Men the Judge; others, the Jury-Court:
The one more just, if you consider; The other,
More pitiful; If he plays both together.
He means no hurt; For in a Common Hall,
Noise carries it.—He fain would please you All.
Ye've had for Pitt, for Pique, for Gallantry too:
Keep your own Posts, and he is well enow.
But—If you must lash out, and think you can't
Be Wits your selves, unless you pique, and rant;
At your own Peril be't: And further know,
Who gives a Character, in one, gives two.
He hopes the best—Nor will we be perplex't;
Laugh hearty now, and he shall fix you next.

LONDON.

THE

The

The Persons.

Whitebroth.

Runter.

Afterwit.

Folly.

Tyro.

Scruple.

Mopus.

Bilboe.

Titere Tu.

Double Diligence.

Timothy.

Mrs. Whitebroth.

Mrs. Mopus.

Mrs. Double Diligence.

Beatrice.

Cis.

An Alderman.

A Civilian.

A Gentleman, Suitor to Beatrice.

His Friend.

A young Squire, Pretender to Beatrice.

A Non-conformist.

An Astrological Physician.

Two Hectors; The one usurping the Name of a Major; the other, of a Captain.

A Puritan Constable.

The Alderman's Servant.

The Alderman's Wife.

The Astrologer's Wife.

The Constable's Wife.

The Alderman's Daughter.

The Alderman's Maid.

THE SCENE.

London.

The

THE

THE CHEATS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bilboe and Titere Tu, as meeting.

T. T.

H

Oh ! Major ! — *Quibus Hector, &c.*

Bil. Why Faith, the old Trade still : Here, and there, and every where. But how now, Captain !

— *Latin ! Latin !* — Send us fair Weather ; — From Small Beer, and ends of *Latin*, — Deliver me.

T. T. Troth, I rise with as little of t this Morning, as the rest of my Neighbours ; and yet once to day, 'twas a measuring Cast, whether I had *English* enough left me to carry me to Bed.

Bil. For why, my Man o' *Memphis* ? — New Adventures ?

T. T. Small Game : — However, 'tis better than Idleness. — A Man would pick Straws, rather than not keep his hand in ure. — Any thing, good Major, in an honest way.

Bil. Thou'rt in the right, Boy : — But heark you, — Did he bite ?

T. T. Yes ; — And I've struck him too.

Bil. A Squire ? — Another Squire ?

T. T. He may be one time ; — but for the present, he is only a small Bachelor of the Law, new come to Town, not learnt Breeding.

Bil. I'll say this, — and a fig for thee ; — He has as hopeful a Tutor as Man need have rak'd Hell for.

T. T. Mean you me, Sir ; or *Runter*, the Civilian ; to whose care his Father, by his last Will committed him ?

Bil. Nev'r a Barrel better Herring. — *Runter !* — Hah ! Hah !

T. T. Why, he thinks himself a learned Man ; and 'tis some sign that others are of the same Opinion. — I can assure you, he mis'd the *Chancellorship* of *Dunstable* as narrowly as ever any Man did that went without it.

Bil. Nay — nay — nay. — The Gentleman will be well bred ; there's no doubt of t : — But what's the business ?

T. T. Compositions Major, — Compositions ; — A small Collation to save the Effusion of Christian Blood. — Ah, that thou hadst seen him

B

him

him, while the *Prudential* and my *Second* were discouraging the business.— He look'd so like a dead Horse, he would neither eat nor drink before he knew whether he should live or die : — But as soon as the sum was agreed, and we had shaken hands upon't, — Whip, says *Jethro* ! — he was got drunk ere I could wet my Whistle.

Bil. But are the Pence numbred ? — Do they cry *Chink* in thy Pocket ? — How many yellow Boys (*Rogue*) how many yellow Boys ?

T. T. Why Faith, Major, none ; — but we are to take up a 100 *l.* together, which will be all one.

Bil. But who must lay it down, Captain ? Who must lay it down ?

T. T. I have a small Broker, that for 40 or 50 *l.* has undertaken to procure it.

Bil. That may do well. — But heark you, — Where does your Horse stand ? — I hear of a Purchase, and I must out to Night.

T. T. No more, good Major ; — No more of that doleful Tune ; — the very remembrance of't puts me into a cold Sweat.

Bil. 'Twas a pretty Nag — Thou hast not sold him ?

T. T. Would 'twere no worse.

Bil. He is not stoll'n ? — No Rogues among our selves, I hope ?

T. T. Neither.

Bil. Or is he dead ?

T. T. In Law, I think he be : — I was out t'other Night upon the *Randan*, and who should I meet with but our old Gang, some of *St. Nicholas's* Clerks ; *Pad* was the word, the *Booty* set by the *Chamberlain* ; we took it, and shar'd it ; but coming home, were all snap'd by a *Hue and Cry* for another business, wherein I was not concern'd : which *Mr. Constable* perceiving, and imagining me as very a *Rogue* as the rest, and that I would be glad to escape upon any terms, he takes me aside, and tells me, That though I was not in this, yet there were others wherein I had been ; and therefore (because I look'd like a civil Gentleman, meerly drawn in by ill Company) if I would give him my Horse, he would let me escape. — You may easily believe, he did not speak to a deaf Man, or one that had no mind to understand him : — I clos'd with him, got me to my Company, made them dead drunk ; and when they were fast asleep, fairly march'd off.

Bil. That is to say — Ran away.

T. T. And a good shift too. — You are put to none of these hazards, Major : — You lie as safe in the *Constable's* House, as a *Thief* in a Mill ; — or (to use a more familiar expression) some of our friends in *Newgate*.

Bil. Yes — I could have better Accommodations abroad ; but he is my loving Friend.

T. T. His Wife, you mean.

Bil. Why — she's a good Girl. — And now you talk of these Trumperies, What's become of your small *Cockatrice*, the *Astrologer* *Mopus* his Wife ?

T. T.

T. T. I ha'n't seen her since my last mischance; I must ev'n to her for new Riggings;—I hope her Husband has had a good Term of it: I'd live like a Prince, if I could perform the tenth part of what his Bills promise:—But see, Major! yonders your *Pinnace* sailing by—*[Enter Double Diligence]* Ah, how she *booms*! Prithce, hail her *Man*:—*and his Wife.* Would I had the *furling* of her *Main-sail*.

Bil. Landlord! Well met.—How now, Landlady!—This is better than With.—I must give you a Barrel of Oysters, and a Bottle or two of Wine, ere we part. Honest Landlord! *[Bilboe hugs him.]*

D. D. O—good Major—another time; we are going to exercise now.

Bil. But dear Landlord!—Captain, advance, and know this Gentleman my Friend and Landlord—he is the honestest Fellow, and the best natur'd thing—

D. D. Thank you, good Major.—I have always your good word.

Mrs. D. I, indeed Husband, that you have; and more behing your Back than ever I told you of. *[T. T. comes up, and salutes D. D.]*

T. T. Worthy Sir, your Servant's humble Servant.

D. D. Alas, good Captain,—indeed and truly—sweet Sir,—the Major and I are old Friends.

T. T. And may you long continue so.

D. D. I thank you, Sir.—Come, my Joy, shall us walk? I should be loath to have Mr. *Alderman* there before us.

Mrs. D. I, my Dear,—I stay for thee. *[Exit D. D.]*

Bil. But heark you Huffy—*[He whispers her back.]* Where shall you and I exercise?—Can't you drop him, or give him the flip for an hour or two?

Mrs. D. Oh,—No—no;—We are to be at the Repetition at Mr. *Alderman's*;—'tis *Friday-Night*:—But I shall see you anon. Farewel, good Major.—Your Servant, Sir. *[Exit.]*

T. T. Your Servant, Lady.

Bil. Captain—prithce let's meet to morrow in the Afternoon, at Mother *Formals* the *Midwives*, and bring your small *Harlotry* with you:—We'll be merry. *T. T. A match—A match—[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.

Enter Jolly and Afterwit.

Aft. **Y**OU are so wise:—I have observ'd, this World
Most Men can counsel others; few themselves.

Jol. Hah! Sentences!—There's somewhat troubles you:
What is't?—And can you call me Friend, and yet
Not let me bear my part? Friends should be one;
Breath, Hope, Fear, Will, and Nill the same, in common.

Ast. Why—What were you the better if you knew?—
You cannot give me ease.

Jol. However try.
A handfom Fellow! and a fair Estate!
And Wit at Will!—Thou may'st command the Town.
Leave off this fooling.

Ast. I'm beholden to you.
Can you, with all your Wisdom, tell me now,
Where this Shoe wrings me?

Jol. No.

Ast. Then pray believe
I know; and if you are my Friend, forbear
A further Scrutiny.

Jol. My Life, in Love!
Not past that Boy's disease! That troublesome Itch!
Come—we'll be jovial, and divert the humour.

Ast. Suppose I were,—Is not the World the same?
Love is the Bond of Nature; and without it,
The Universe were but a Belom unbound;
Sand, without Lime.

Jol. I need no further Symptoms
To make the Crisis:—Hah!—And you believe

This dainty Phylosophical Poulis
Will work the Cure?—If I have any Skill,
There were a better Remedy.

Ast. For shame,
Thou Infidel to all that's good or lovely;
May'st thou die in thy Heresie, and ne'er know
What a good Woman means,—unless, perhaps,
For thy Conversion.

Jol. This was intended
For a small Curse:—But I must thank my Friend.

And if I were not turn'd *Bigot*, I think,
Might satisfy him. You're in Love, forsooth!
All in good time.—But have you yet consider'd
What 'tis? How much more Misery beyond it,
Than on this side of't?—You may fancy Castles,
And forty I know not what's; but they are of Snow;
Come one good Shower, and farewell my fine *Gadgins*.

Ast. Thou'rt a strange Fellow!—What dost think of those
Have gone before us, and commend it too?

Jol. One Woodcock makes no Winter.—But, I pray,
What are the Persons? Are they not concern'd
These marry'd Men are like Boys in the Water;

Ask

Ask 'um how't goes; Oh! a wondrous hot, they cry;
 When yet their Teeth chatter for very Cold;
 If you must love, love on; but go no further;
 Women enjoy'd, Like Rivers in the Sea,
 Lose both their Taste and Name; I Suppose 'um Junoes
 In the Pursuit, they're Clouds in the Enjoyment;
Asi. Thou'rt like the Fox, that having lost his Tail,
 Would fain persuade the rest to make't a Fashion;
 Prithce give over.

Jol. Troth, I've scarce begun.
 Suppose her handsome, she's a Honey-pot
 I'th' Sun; if otherwife, you'll ne'er endure her
 If honest, insolent, though ne'er so ugly;
 She thinks you are beholden to her for't;
 And yet, Who knows how long she may be so?
 Is she the Map of Modesty? perhaps
 'Tis but your own Opinion; Love is blind:
 There's many pass for such, whose Husbands yet
 Could, if they durst, tell you another Tale.
 Is she a House-wife? Can she make a Band?
 Order a Dary, cure a broken Shin?
 Examine your Accounts, and at Years end,
 Pray tell me what you've sav'd. — Is she high born? —
 Twenty to one, she's proud, and quickly scorns you.
 What are you better for those doughty Aids,
 My Lord! her Great great Grandfather perform'd
 (The Lord knows where), or gave her Portion paid you
 In Genealogies, Guile Spurs, and Cantons;
Asi. Come — I can hold no longer. — Have you done?
Jol. With your good patience, a word; — Consider,
 'Tis like a Battle, to be fought but once;
 And therefore, We must be so, be sure
 She be your Equal, and, if possible, Vertuous;
 At least, not tainted with her Mother's Vices.
 And now, if after this, thou dar'st be Wiving,
 Th'art a bold Fellow; and that's all I'll say;
 Heav'n keep thee yet within the power of Holiness.
Asi. Prithce be n't so severe. — Thou'rt my Friend;
 And I'll deal plainly with thee. — That Estate
 Which you believe so fair (and were not for
 My Father's Debts, and some small Ships of mine,
 Might have look'd somewhat like it) is at present
 At that low Ebb, that if I don't look to't
 In time, 'twill be quite past Recovery.
 Come — the Red Petticoat must piece up all.

Jol. 'Tas a half-face of Reason:—As you say, Desperate Causes must have desperate Cures. But what is he, has got this hank upon't?

Ast. Did you never hear of Alderman *Whitbroth*?

Jol. I, there's a Jew indeed. I'll tell thee what; He has a Daughter; thou shalt have her too, Though it be but to be reveng'd of him.

Ast. There spake my Friends:—Oh, but her Father.

Jol. What?

Ast.—Will never give Consent.

Jol. To chuse:—She'll make

The better Wife to justifie her Folly.

Ast. Prithce be serious.

Jol. Good Faith, I am;

And if thou hast her not, one way, or other,

I'll be thy Bond-man:—We'll about it streight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 3.

Enter Mopus Solus, with a Book, &c.

Mop. *S*aturn and Jupiter come to a *Trine* in *Taurus*, and *Capricorn*—*Huh*—We shall have Strangers come to Town, and their Wives ne'er miss 'em in the Country:—Next Month they all meet in the House of *Mercury*, he being Lord thereof, and *Significator* of Speech:—It may intend Advocates, Cryers of Courts, Splitters of Causes, Oyster-Wives, and Broom-Men.—Hold—*Saturn*—(nothing but this malevolent Planet) in the Sign *Virgo*, in Conjunction with *Venus*, in her detriment.—Beware, Women, of green Gowns; Great Men, of Stone and Collicks; and Costermongers, of rotten Pippins.—Again—*Pars torture*, coupled with the *Catabifason*, that is to say, the *Dragon's Tail*:—*Huh*—*Huh*—Children shall be subject to *Convulsion Fits*, young Wenches to the Falling Evil, and old Women to cough out their Teeth.—[He makes a pause.] But all this is no Money.—Many an honest Man has but one House, and maintains his Family very well; but I am such an unlucky Rogue, the whole twelve will hardly pay my Rent:—Now a Pox take these Citizens, and then a Man might get some Money by 'um: They are so hide-bound, there's no living by 'um; so clunch-fisted, a Man would swear the Gout were got out of their Feet, into their Hands; 'tis death to 'um to pluck 'um out of their Pockets:—I am sure my Bills bid as high as the proudest (they cure all Diseases, and resolve all *Astrological Questions*) and and yet they'll hardly quit Cost for pasting 'um up.—Here dwells an *Astrological Physician*, reads one;—And there let him, till I trouble him, answers another:—His Majesty's most excellent Operator, says one;—Yes—upon a

Post. quoth another : And thus you see how an Artift is valued. — O Ignorance ! Ignorance ! Well may'st thou be the Mother of Devotion ; but I am fure thou art the Step-dame of Art. — If it were not for the good Women with their Groats and their Vinegar-Bottles, and now and then a young Wench to enquire of her Sweet-heart, I might e'en hang my felf, nay (which were worfe) my Wife would cry, her Trade were the better o' th' two. — But Hufht ! — I hear fome body coming ; — ten to one but 'tis my young Squire, with his Mercer's Wife, to have her Fortune read. — I could with lefs trouble and more certainty have told her Husband's : — I hear 'um — hufht — My Wife understood their meaning well enough, fhe might have put 'um together without troubling me. — [*Enter Mrs. Mopus.* Oh, — Is it you ! — How goes all Cautes ?

Mrs. Mop. But ill enough, I'm fure. — I wonder what I'm the better for a Husband in you. — Here you fit moping, and moping all Day upon a Book, and at Night you are as fleepy as a gib'd Cat.

Mop. Oh ho ! — I'm in thy debt, but thou fhalt be paid it all together. — Is it not better to receive 100*l.* at one Payment, than to dribble it out by Shilling and Shilling ?

Mrs. Mop. But you'd be loth though, if your Wife had an occafion, that fhe fhould borrow, though 'twere but Six-pence.

Mop. Thou fayeft right ; — but I dare truft thee further : Prifthee go in, and look after the Houfe ; we fhall have fome or other come popping in prefently.

Mrs. Mop. To mighty purpofe ; — 'Tis well you get fo much : — Methinks Trading is grown extream dead : Time was, when your honeft Citizens Wayes, and no ordinary Madams, and their Gallants, would come and be merry here ; — but now —

Mop. A little patience, good Wife ; 't has been a long Vexation, the Gentry are not come to Town yet ; — and yet we have fome doings too.

Mrs. Mop. Yes — a company of Fribbles, enough to difcredit any honeft Houfe in the World. — No, I'd have you to know, I am for none of your Skip-Jacks : — No ; — Give me your Perfons of Quality ; there's fome-what to be got by them. Besides, a Woman need not be afhamed to fit Jig by Jowl with the beft of the Parifh ; And who dare fay, Black is her Eye ?

Mop. Prifthee be quiet — I expected a young Squire and his Miftrefs ; but I believe fhe could not get out, her Husband is fo jealous of her.

Mrs. Mop. Now, out upon her — could fhe not have took another Woman out with her ? He has been a good one himfelf (I warrant you) that fhall offer to fufpect two Women together. — Marry hang thefe jealous-headed Coxcombs, thefe Afs-Cuckolds, that believe their Ears to be Horns : And fuch have you been in your time too — That you have.

Mop. Well — well — Go in — All fhall be mended. — Prifthy, in.

Mrs. Mop. No indeed, I don't intend it ; I muft have fome Money firft : — Do you think I can go always in one Gown ? — Pray don't mif-
take

take your self.—— Besides, I must buy the Child a new Coat; and Mr. *Scruple* expects, I should carry him something for his pains amongst us:—— Indeed Husband, he is a precious, able Man.

Mop. Yes—— he is able;—— Able to speak more with ease, than another Man can hear with patience.—— Away, you Fool.

Mrs. Mop. Nay, good Husband—— How do you think a Woman can love you, if you will not let her do as the rest of her Neighbours?—— I warrant you for them, nor one of them miss the Meeting to day; and I hope you have found, that they are not the worst Customers we have.—— Marry come up here.—— [*She strikes the Book out of his Hand.*

'Tis a fine thing that a Woman can have no Money; but what she must ask her Husband for; and then too, to have all this Clutter about it.—— Give me some Money, or I'll make my Complaint to Mr. *Scruple*.

Mop. Be quiet, and thou shalt have any thing.—— I must even stop her Mouth, to be rid of her.—— [*This, and the next; Aside.* If once she set up her Clack, the Cataracts of Nile are but still Musick to't.—— Come, we'll in, and see what may be done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. 4.

Enter Runter and Tyro.

Ru. Indeed, your Father was my old Acquaintance, and very good Friend.—— Ah! How it tickles my Lungs, to think how many mad Frolicks we have had at robbing of Orchards, and stealing Pudding-pies.—— I hope I may take it for granted, that you visited the University;—— Pray, which of um? And what College?

Ty. *Gottam* College, Sir; in the University of *Rumford*.

Ru. My Fellow-Collegiate!—— You and I must be acquainted:—— Pray, how goes the old difference between the Scholars and the Towns-men? Is the Breach so wide, that you believe it irreconcilable?

Ty. Indeed, I cannot tell;—— But 'tis thought, 'twill hardly be compos'd, unless the Rains would forbear marrying.

Ru. The more's the pity;—— A Graduate, I hope, Sir.

Ty. Yes Sir—— a small one—— A Bachelor o'th Law:—— I went out Bachelor, last Horse-Fair.

Ru. And I Doctor, in the Throng:—— We must be better acquainted.—— You're come up to study?

Ty. Yes Sir—— My Mother would have it so.

Ru. Then let me advise you;—— Study both Laws, but chiefly the Civil:—— You would not think what an advantage 'tis to be a general Man.

Ty. Sir, I shall follow your directions.

Ru. Then, when you come to practice, you must get you a good Brass Towel, and a Steel Countenance; and ever carry in your Green Bag, so much

much Patience, as not to be discouraged at any thing; for I am to tell you a great Truth, That our Profession rots at the wrong end, The young ones die, and the old ones live; But how, I pray? Even like Bawds and Medlars, never ripe till rotten; that is to say, seldom or never get Money, till they are past the use of it; And then (perhaps) what with a little favour, and a great deal of Money, they may chance to arrive at last to the height of sleeping out a Cause.

Ty. I thank you, Sir; and I think I shall be able to remember it.

Ru. Then you must ever be obsequious to great Men; not that you expect any good from 'um, but (as the *Chineses* worship the Devil) that they do you no hurt: — Then, be sure to keep your Chamber, it will keep you: I kept mine many a long Year, and nothing came; but at last (Thanks to my Stars, and these good Times) it came to the purpose.

Ty. Yes Sir, I know this to be true; for my Mother would be continually preaching this Lesson to my Father.

Ru. Then you must never examine your Cause, whether it be good or bad: If it be good, and of no great concernment, it will carry it self; if bad, there's your Master-piece, to help it out. Every Fool can manage a good Cause, but he's your Man, can set the Noose to which side he pleases, and make something out of nothing.

Ty. I hope I shall have the Grace to put it in practice, and wish my Father were alive, to thank you.

Ru. Then, if at any time you find you have the worst end of the Staff, leave off your Cause, and fall upon the Person of your Adversary; Put it boldly, and enough of it, and somewhat must stick; No matter how true or false, it begets a prejudice to the Person, and many times forejudges the Cause.—For example now, to give you an instance in a Gentleman, a Friend of mine, a great Master of this way of pleading—A Gentleman with a long comely Beard, demurrs to his Client's Bill; my Friend takes him up at first Hop, and demurrs to his Beard; calls it a Vow-Beard, and that he had made an Oath, not to cut it till the King came in; And heark you, had he had twenty Arguments, he might have better spared the other nineteen, than that one.—I could tell of as good a one of my own, and upon as great a Person as any this day in *Europe*—(Ah! how I fir'd him up, with—A Chip of the old Block; and twenty as good—) But enough of this now—The thing is sufficiently known, and it ill becomes a Man to set out his own Vertues! — But try this, and do it boldly, and never doubt of Clients.—A modest Lawyer! — A silent Woman! — A Paradox in Nature.

Ty. I can but thank you still, Sir.

Ru. I had almost forgot one thing, and no way inferior to any of the rest—If you find any Commotion in the State, be sure to strike in with the first; if you get nothing—*Cantabit vacuum*—You'll pass in the Crowd; if you do, you'll have Money enough to purchase your Pardon, and perhaps too, get in to be some great Man's Advocate.—Chew the Cud upon this for the present, and as I find you growing up to't, I shall instruct you farther. [Exeunt

C

SCENE

SCENE 5.

Enter Whitebroth (Coughing) Mrs. Whitebroth, Beatrice, Cis, and Timothy, laden with Books.

Wh. I Do profess, this Mr. *Scruple* is a singular Man.

Mrs. Wh. I indeed is he; — I never edify'd under any Man like him. — But how d'you, my Lamb? How d'you?

Tim. A vengeance over-grown one; — I have seen many a Ram in my time, has not been so big by the Head and the Horns. *[Aside.*

Whitebroth coughs all the while.

Bea. How d'you, Sir? — You don't look well.

Wh. Nothing but a Cold, my Child — nothing but a Cold; I hope 'twill away again. — *[He Coughs again.*

Mrs. Wh. Cis — *Cis* — A Stick of Licoras, *Cis.* *[Enter D. D. and*

Cis. I have some Candid Ginger, Forsooth. *} his Wife.*

Mrs. Wh. Here Chick — prithee bite a bit of 't — 'tis the most soveraign thing (next a Pepper-Poffet) as can be.

D. D. Save your good Worshipp — It fell in an ill time — I am afraid it may beget an Obstruction of Justice, by hindring your Worshipp's sitting on the Bench.

Wh. How d'you, Neighbours both? How d'you? — you're welcom, — *[Coughs.]* — I am afraid I sate a little too long in the Cold — *[Again.* Come, Neighbour *Diligence*; you and I'll walk in, and leave the Women to entertain Mr. *Scruple*.

D. D. I wait upon your Worshipp.

[Exeunt Wh. and D. D.]

Mrs. Wh. Timothy.

Tim. Madam.

Mrs. Wh. Quickly, good *Timothy*, quickly — Run in, and get the Towels ready. — After, good *Cis*, after him; and see they be through warm. — *[Exeunt Timothy and Cis. Enter Scruple.*

Oh, Mr. *Scruple*, Mr. *Scruple*! — Alas, good Man, how he sweats! — **Tim.**

Tim. Tim. — A Towel, *Tim*, a Towel — quick — quick — quick. *[Enter Tim.*

Tim. Here, Forsooth.

Mrs. D. Now Blessing o'your heart, good Mr. *Scruple*; you have taken a great deal of pains to day.

Tim. Or his Lungs have, which is all one. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Wh. Truly, and indeed, a great Pains-taker. — *[They pull him down into a low Chair,*
Come, Mr. *Scruple* — You have stood long to day — *Will*
Pray sit down — We must rule you here — *and rub him.*
you have a Caudle, Sir? — Alas, poor Man! How wet the Coller of his Shirt is! — Feel, *Diligence* — I prithee feel.

Mrs. D. Now beshrew me, but 't'as work'd quite through his Doublet, Coar, Cloak and all.

Sc. Hum — I am refreshed — yea, in good sooth, I am.

Mrs. Wh. Will you have a Lemmon-Poffet, Sir?

Sc.

Sc. I fear me, it is too cold.

Mrs. *Wh.* Will you go to Bed, Sir?—Or have a fresh Shirt?—
How do you, Sir?

Tim. Troth, very ill upon a Text.

[*Aside.*

Sc. I am well enough——only a Qualm——a Qualm.

Mrs. *Wh.* What say you to your Coller of S'S, then?

Sc. That would not be amiss——There's no false Latin in't.

Mrs. *Wh.* Quickly, *Tim*, quickly——A pint of Sack, a quart of Sider,
and a handful, or two, of Sugar; and put 'um into the great Bowl——
Run *Timothy*, run.——Dear Child, do thou help him.

Tim. Call you me this, his Coller of S'S?——

[*Aside.*

——You shall have it presently. [*Exeunt Timothy and Beatrice.*

Mrs. *D.* I am afraid you are not well, Sir.

Sc. Yes—I am so, so:—You would not think how 't has recover'd me;
one would hardly believe, what a rejoycing to my Spirit it is, to see you
thus eager, and, as it were, hungry for your Food,——Ah!——Be the same
still——You cannot lay out your selves, nor I my self forth enough, in these
ways——Pray mark it;——We cannot lay out our selves forth enough one to
another:—These often Duties put us into a spiritual posture of War——
Ah—It is best fighting together——Ah—what a precious thing it is, when
we are both concern'd together, and——Ah—Ah——as a Man may say,
wrap't up in one common Cause and Interest:——Ah——Good Sisterly Wo-
men, Consider it, and lay it upon your hearts. [*The Women answer him*
But how does Mr. *Alderman*? Me thought I } in a long drawn Sigh,
heard him cough ere while—How does he? }——Hui——

Mrs. *Wh.* Now indeed, I think he sate a little too long in the Cold;—
He has gotten a heavy Cough of't.

Sc. To see the frailty of Man's Nature!——How weary of every
thing that is good! How irksome it is unto us!——I dare undertake, he
should have sate at a lewd Stage-play a whole Afternoon;——Nay, with
his Hat off too——and——Ah——been ne'er the worse.

Mrs. *Wh.* But are these Stage-plays such lewd things as you make them?

Sc. Why truly, you are my Bosom-Sisters——And I may speak truth to
you;——Nay——They are not——For you may find good moral things in them,
As Vice deprest, Vertue encourag'd, and the like. However, we have
thought it fit to rail at 'um, for fear the people should set their hearts upon
'um; and consequently, undo us:——I have often Lectur'd at home in a
Morning, and yet in the Afternoon, stol'n behind a Pillar, to hear 'um.—
[*Enter Tim.*]——But see, here comes *Timothy*——[*He starts*]——Avant——This
Bowl is scandalous,——It looketh like a Waffail:——[*Tim. offers to go out.*
——Nay, hold *Timothy*,——Though the Bowl be scandalous, 'tis pity the good
Creature should be spoil'd:——Pray, next time let me have the great Tan-
kard; I am of Opinion too, it holds somewhat more:——[*He drinks.*
The *Casuits* speak comfortably in this point——A Man may eat and drink
abundantly,

abundantly without any necessity, but meerly for his pleasure. Nay, he may, *usque ad vomitum ingurgitare*, provided always, he do not prejudice his health thereby; because it is allowable in the natural Appetite, to be taken up with those Actions that are proper thereunto.—We must deny our selves, we may not deny the Creature.—Pray observe it.—I say, we may not deny the Creature; it being given us, not for our Sustainment only, but Contentation also—*Timothy*—Prithee once more, good *Timothy*.

Tim. Here, Sir.

[*Scruple drinks again.*]

Mrs. Wh. Now much good may it do your heart, good Mr. *Scruple*.

Mrs. D. Indeed, he deserves a good thing, he makes so much of it, when he has it.

Sc. This is napping Geer, and well encourag'd—But pray, no more of this Bowl—Pray, no more of it—For this time it may pass.—Now, trust me, it has such a pleasant farewell, it invites a Man to drink often of it.—*Timothy*—

Tim. Here, Sir.

[*Scruple drinks again.*]

Sc. I do assure you, special stuff, and too good for the Wicked; it may strengthen them in their Enormities.—But come—Let's go visit Mr. *Alderman*.—*Timothy*—Is all out?

Tim. Yes Sir—Not a drop left.

Sc. Then pray speak to *Ruth* to dress up the great Tankard, and bring it into Mr. *Alderman's* Chamber.

Tim. It shall be done, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Timothy, solus.

Tim. **H**Uh! He grows worse and worse:—I have been with the Doctor, and he'll be here presently.—Precious Mr. *Scruple* is departed, but so like a Dog out-law'd, that unless the Devil owes me a mischief, I may be troubled with a Mourning Cloak;—I am sure I have deserv'd it.—I am the general Officer of this House; Like my Mistresses Silver-Sack-Poffet-Bason; Screw a Handle to't, and 'tis her Bed-pan; put a Cover to that, her Warming-pan; take off both, it serves to wash her hands in the Morning, and for a Sack-poffet at Supper.—In the Stable I am Groom; In the Garden, Gardner; At Market, Carterer; In the Cellar, Butler; Upon all Visits, her Gentleman-Usher; And above Stairs, his *Valet de Chambre*. [*Enter Mopus.*]
Oh! my noble Doctor—You are a Man of your word.

Mop. How does your Master?

Ti. Alack, Sir! I thought you could have told that by the Stars;—I have heard say, that learned Men know every thing.

Mop.

Mop. Yes—~~I could have executed a Scheme—~~ But I thought it unnecessary—~~How does he take his Rest?~~

Tim. But ill; and complains of Heats and Gripings.

Mop. I'll set him right again—unless the Stars—

Tim. What, good Sir?

Mop. Have pre-decreed the contrary—And if so—We must submit. Will you let your Mistress know I am here?

Tim. I shall, Sir.

Mop. So—There's half the Disease; I shall easily pick the rest out of the good Woman.—If all things hit right, this *Alderman* may prove a good Milch-Cow.—
[Enter Mrs. Whitebroth.]

Madam! Your humble Servant.

Mrs. Wh. You're welcome, Sir—Nay, what did you mean? *[She does this to—]* Pray Sir—Indeed there's no body expects it;—Pray be—*make* *Mopus* pleas'd—I can assure you, no—In truth I do not—Pray Sir.—*put on his Hat.*

Mop. O—your Servant.—Have you sav'd the *Alderman's* Water, as I order'd?

Mrs. Wh. Yes, Sir.—*Cis, Cis*; Thy Master's Stale.

Cis. O, *Tim, Tim*; 'twas in the Silver Tankard, and the Cat overthrew it.

Tim. There stands some dead Ale upon the Table, put that i'the Urinal;—He'll tell as much by one as t'other.

Mop. A most fortunate Face:—I never met with more lucky Lines.—You'll live to bury the *Alderman*—and—shall marry—let me see—a Lord.

Mrs. Wh. Indeed, Sir?—I believe you can tell.

Mop. Nay, I am certain of it:—Hereafter I may chance to tell you his Name;—But for the present, be sure he is a Vicount, at least.

Mrs. Wh. This—*[She gives him Money]* and my Thanks. A Vicountess!—I'll promise you, I'll take it no longer as I have done.

[Enter Cis with an Urinal.]

Mop. Oh—let me see't—High-colour'd—His Blood's inflam'd.—Favourish—Favourish.

Mrs. Wh. Indeed Sir, he burns like fire.

Mop. Sick—sick—sick—He cannot rest.

Mrs. Wh. I indeed;—You are as right—

Mop. Sometimes up, and sometimes down.

Mrs. Wh. Truly, he has not been out of his Bed since he first took his Cold; till just now.

Mop. Huh—a Cold.—*[Aside]*—Pains in his Limbs, Coughing, and now and then Wind;—This Froth, and Feather in the Water is a certain token.

Mrs. Wh. Now, blefs me, Sir!—How is't possible you should hit things so right?

Mop. How do you hit your mouth in the dark?—One's as easie as t'other.—That is to say, to a Man of Art.—I could tell you a thousand things—But time is precious with me:—May I not see the *Alderman*?

THE CHEATS.

Mrs. *Wh.* O, by all means;—I hear him coming:— [*Enter Whitebroth.*
O, my Dear——Here's a Gentleman has told me all your Distemper,
as right—— [*Whitebroth coughs.*

Wh. and what does he think of it?

Mop. Pray bend your Wrist, Sir.—— [*He feels his Pulse.*
All will do well again:——A Purge and a Vomit——A Purge and a
Vomit——Gi' me a Pen and Ink:—— [*He writes.*

Mrs. *Wh.* Would not some *Parma-Citty* do him good? Truly, I would
be loth he should want any thing.

Mop. You do well:—Let me see—What says the College?—*Sperma*
Cati, *Confectio quedam*—Pox on't—I have forgot the rest: *Sperma Cati*!—
Sperma Cox-Comb——They're a Company of Quacking Fools;——'Tis
Parmacitty, and takes its name from the City of *Parma*: Hang this foist-
ing;——I'll trust ne'er a Doctor of them all.—— [*He tears the Paper.*
Have a little patience, Madam, and I'll send you a Preparation of my own—
In the mean time, your Servant——I am staid for at present. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Wh.* Farewel, good Doctor.——Come, my Heart——rest thy
self within. [*Exeunt; Whitebroth coughing.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Jolly and Afterwit.

Jol. A Nd how d'you like her now?——

Aft. Could I like Heav'n,
If I were there?——Prithee forbear these Questions.

Jol. And much good may she do thee:——Thou sha't have her; I've
laid the Plot, and I am sure 'twill take.

Aft. As how, my *Jolly*?

Jol. Not so hasty.——I have an odd humour in my pocket will strike
fair to it. [*He pulls out a printed Bill.*

Aft. What's here? A printed Bill?——Prithee let's hear't.

Jol. In the Name of God, Through the Light of the Son, By the Re-
velation of the Spirit, I cure these Diseases, perfectly and speedily, with-
out any Annoyance to the Body, which commonly through College-Bills,
and Apothecaries Medicines, with which the Devil has deceived the
World, these many hundreds of Years.

The new Disease (otherwise call'd the Great POX) with all its Ap-
pendices, in few days, with Herbs which I gather in the Woods, and Gums
of Trees.—Agues of all sorts, in three Fits.—Gout, whether knotted or
running, in four or five Dressings.—Dropfie.—Timpany.—Rickets.—Spleen-
Convulsion.—Yellow and Black Jaundies.—Stone.—Strangury.—and Chollick,
in six hours.—All kinds of Fluxes.—Most distempers of the head.—Shortness of
Breath, and Prifick, at first sight.—And have ever by me a most approved Re-
medy against Green-sicknefs.—Barrennefs.—and Fits of the Mother. *Aft.*

Ast. 'Twas fairly vied.—Who bids more?

Jol. He comes again.—As also (To let the World see, how wide of their Mark they are like to run, that as boldly as ignorantly, dare adventure on Physick, without the knowledge of Astrology) I resolve these ensuing Astrological Questions.

—The Sick, whether they shall recover or not.—The Party absent, whether living or dead.—How many Husbands, or Children, a Woman shall have.—Whether one shall marry the Party desir'd, or whom else.—Whether a Woman has her Maiden-head, or not.—Or shall be honest after Marriage.—or her Portion well paid.—If a Man be wise or a Fool.—Whether it be good to put on new Cloaths.—If Dreams be for good or evil.—Whether a Child be the reputed Father's; or shall be fortunate, or not.—Ships at Sea, whether safe, or not.—Of Law-Suits, which side shall have the better.—And generally, all Astrological Questions whatever.

Iatros Iatrophilus Mopus,

A Servant of God, and Secretary of Nature.

Ast. Hah Boys!—If this wo'n't take 'um, the Devil take 'um.—But what are those hard words?

Jol. Oh—A Physician, a Friend to Physicians;—The only true thing in all his Bill.—These Quacks are the best Friends Physitians have; they make work for 'um. What dost think is come into my head?

Ast. How is it possible I should know?—I am no *Oedipus*.

Jol. Why—This Fellow must be a Cheat, and I am confident, with a littl help, would be able to do our business;—Prithee lets to him.—But see!—your Mistrefs;—To her.—[Enter Beatrice and Cis.

Ast. This is such fortune, I forgive my Stars
All their unkindness.

Bea. Is this natural? Or do you carry Set-forms about you, to be us'd as occasion shall serve?

Ast. Faith, neither.—So much Excellence must needs inform a Statue, and make a very Post Rhetorical.

Bea. Demonstrations!—Why how now, Mr. *Asteroid*?

Ast. Just as you see.—How d'you like him?

Jol. Well said;—To her again:—If I can make no sport, I'll marr none.—How now, *Cis*?

Cis. The better for your asking, I thank you, Sir.

Jol. Heark you;—A word.—[*Jolly and Cis walk aside.*

Ast. So fair, and so unkind!—Sure Nature dotes,
She twists such Contradictions; or, what's worse,
Has lost her Wits, and would have all like her.

Bea. Whence this new fury?

Ast. Can you read your self,

And

And ask that Question ; Were you made thus lovely,
To make me miserable ?——Would you had less
Divinity, or more Humanity.

Bea. Then you're in Love, it seems ! Or at least, would
Make me believe it.——Don't I know, you Men
Speak any thing ?——Women are Fools, and can't
For shame but credit it.——

Ast. You wrong my Truth :——
By all that's good.——

Bea. No more.——Admitting yet,
What I can scarce believe ;——Why must you crop
That Flower, which as it grows, may peradventure,
Look fair and lovely ; but once gather'd, withers ?
Give me a Love refin'd ; a Love that flames
Upon it self, not fed with grosser Fuel ;
A Love that loves the Vertue, not the Sex.

Ast. And such is mine.——But fancy not this new
Philosophy of immaterial Flames.

Hearts may meet Hearts, and Souls piquere with Souls ;
But if they come no nearer than the Eyes,
For want of Matter to maintain 'um, die.

Bea. Be Judge your self :——Who but the Needy pray ?
Once fill your Belly, you've no more to say.

Ast. Yes.——To give thanks, and ruminate upon
Those Blessings, which grow faster than we reap 'um.
Come, come, be wise, and trifle not away
That Youth, would make an Emperor too happy.
All seek their Like ; And like the Needle, tremble,
And never settle, till it reach that North.
I'd rather be an Owl, than Phœnix,
If I must live alone.——

Bea. These Morals, Sir,
Might have been better spent. But since you'll needs
Make me believe you love me——Court my Father ;
For, notwithstanding the respect I bear you,
I must declare, I have neither Eyes, nor Ears
To any thing, but what he shall direct.

Jol. You need say no more :——Mind what I told you, and leave the
rest to me. [*He speaks this to Cis.*]——What, have you done yet ?——A good
Souldier now, would have carry'd the Town with half this do.——Ha'
done your Grace, for shame ; fall to your Meat.

Ast. Sure my Father went to Heaven, I am so unfortunate.——Well,
be it as 'twill, I love you ; and were I to speak seven years, I could but
say the same thing.——Come—I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.

SCENE 3.

Enter Scruple and Mrs. Whitebroth.

Sc. I Can't away with it;—unfeignedly, I cannot.—A man may profess; it is lawful—Yea, assuredly it is. And therefore I say, I profess, if any of my Flock shall so much as straggle into his Pastures, I say, I profess, I shall not only turn them out of my Fold for Rotten Sheep, but they shall for ever be to me as Publicans: That is to say, as the Learned have most ingeniously observ'd; *Publicanus, quasi, Publicus Canis.*

Mrs. Wh. Why good Mr. *Scruple*—A Member should not be cut off for one failing.

Sc. Good me no goods, Good Mrs. *Whitebroth*!—I tell thee here (Sister of mine) it is a wilful Failing;—A very wilful Failing.

Mrs. Wh. For why, I pray?—The Man is learned.—I am sure he told me all my Husband's Distemper, before he so much as saw him.

Sc. Told ye!—I, there's the point.—And I must tell you too, he must needs use some unlawful means.

Mrs. Wh. Alas—It cannot be.—His Wife (good Woman) is one of us; And do you think, if he were such, he would ever suffer it?

Sc. Why there's the Blind.—The Woman is a good Sisterly Woman, and an often Frequenter; which he allows of, only to deceive the World, as if he were!—Well—well—Mark what I say—If he has not made some secret express Contract with Satan, I'll be your Teacher no longer.—If you had ever read Doctor *Faustus*, this would not be so strange to you.

Mrs. Wh. Now, Goodness defend it!

Sc. Come, come,—'Tis great pity it is not look't into.—I dare undertake, had this Fellow set up in *Spain*, he had been in the Inquisition long ere this:—But we; The more Light we have, the less we see.—We are wilfully, stiff-neckedly blind; Indeed we are.

Mrs. Wh. Be not too rash:—Many a good Body's wrong'd, or many of our Brethren and Sisters are not what they should be.

Sc. Yes—That was always the malice of the Devil and his Instruments—But this Fellow is a profest Reprobate;—I have read his Bills, and spoken with several that have been with him; And they tell me, he has a Globe ever standing upon his Table, and never answers any Question propos'd, without first turning that;—And why may not the Devil be in that Globe, as well as in the Pummel of *Paracelsus's* Sword, and Doctor *Dee's* Chrystal?—D'you mark me that, Gentlewoman?—Answer me that.

Mrs. Wh. Nay, pray Mr. *Scruple*—I must go.—All that he told me, was without his Globe.—I mean no hurt.

Sc. That may be something in the Case.—Let me see—what say the *Gasists*?—If any thing help you, it must be the Intention; And that, we

are forc'd to make use of in many cases ; especially, such as we cannot hinder ; and correct the viciousness of the means, by the purity of the end.—For example now—If a Woman, great with Child, long for another Man, besides her Husband, and this Husband will not give consent ; In this case we say (and so we generally agree) that she may follow her natural Inclination ; Provided always, she have no intention of Sin, but only to satisfy her Longing :——For, *Actus, non facit reum, nisi mens sit rea.*——

Mrs. *Wh.* Now, Blessing on you, good Sir——I always thought so.

Sc. In like manner—If a young Woman, of a Godly Parentage, do fall into a holy Fornication (not out of Lust, but Love) and thereupon prove with Child ; In such case we say, That it may be lawful to procure Abortion ; provided always, it be not done with intention of Murder, but only to save Life or Reputation :—Nay further, lest the Profession should be scandal'd by it, we hold it better to trust Providence, by forswearing the Fact, than to fall into the hands of Men, by confessing the Infirmary of the Flesh.—And in this (as many other things) we agree with some Gentlemen abroad : And truly, where we do differ, the difference between us is so fine and nice, we can hardly perceive it our selves :—There is (as the School-men term it) an *Identificadunity* of Principles, common to us both.—They have their private Shrifts ; so we :—They call it a Venial Sin with a Sister ; and in case of necessity, can forgive a Neighbour's Wife ; so we.—They allow Regulating by Tumults ; so we.—And lastly, They deny all this in plain words, but grant it in effects ; so we.

Mrs. *Wh.* But what's this to me ?—May not I go ?—Good Mr. *Scruple.*

Sc. If your Intention be right, you may.—However, for fear of the worst, I will go with you ; I should be loth to lose one of the best Sheep in my Flock, for want of a little Care.—Come, Mrs. *Whitebroth*, I did not think to have done so much :—But you have such a winning way with you—such a power upon me, I can deny you nothing.—Indeed I cannot.—Come—We must now and then comply with one anothers weakness. [*He leads her off.*]

Mrs. *Wh.* 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.—I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter Bilboe, leading Mrs. Double Diligence ; and Titere Tu, leading Mrs. Mopus.

Bil. **C**OME Gipsie ;—How came you to light on this House ?—
'Tis a rare Convenience.

Mrs. *D.* Oh ! She's our Midwife.

T. *T.* And Faith, they are good necessary things ; and generally tractable, before they grow rich.

Mrs. *Mop.* How do you know ?—I never met you here before.

T. *T.* Time enough now.

Mrs. *D.*

Mrs. D. But pray Major, is this Gentleman married?

Bil. Hang him, Rogue;—Every Man's Boots serve his turn.

T. T. And better so than going bare-foot.—I am not married (sweet Lady, but a Lover still.

Mrs. D. A pretty Gentleman.

Mrs. Mop. He was, you would have said, had you known him when I knew him first;—But now—

T. T. As good as ever, my Girl.—Dear Mopus! [He bugs her.

Mrs. Mop. Away Captain;—You do so moulse one!

Bil. Nay, have a care of him.—I say no more.

Mrs. Mop. Marry.—I hope you are not in earnest.

T. T. And thou hast no more wit, than to believe him! As sound as a Bell, Wench.—As sound as a Bell. [He capers.

Mrs. Mop. Indeed Captain, I hope the best:—But sure there's something in't, he does not fine up himself, as he was wont.

T. T. I seldom regard Fashions.—Any thing serves me;—*Drape de Berry* in the Summer keeps out the Heat, and Stuff in the Winter lets it in.—I must confess, I have three or four as rich Suits, for *Flanders-Lace*, Gimp, and Embroidery, as any in the Town.

Mrs. Mop. But where are they, good Captain? Where are they?

T. T. Why Faith, I have had 'um all in my head this Twelvemonth, but could never yet get one of them upon my back.

Mrs. Mop. Troth Captain, 'twould not be amiss at this time, if you open'd your head, and took one of 'um out.

T. T. The Jade's too hard for me.—Heark you.— [He picks her Pocket.

Mrs. Mop. O good Captain.—It must buy the Child a new Coat.

T. T. Hang him, Brat;—One of thy old Petticoats will serve.—Bestow Money upon Puppy-Dogs!

Mrs. Mop. You always serve me thus.—Pray Captain.—Give me some of't again. [He leads her aside, and whispers.

T. T. Not a Cross, by this good Light.—D'you hear me?

Bil. And must the Major have no Hatchments?—Prithee disburse, disburse;—Dear Landlady.— [He bugs her.

Mrs. D. Indeed I have no Money.—One would think your Meat, Drink, Lodging, Washing, and Wringing were worth somewhat.

Bil. Irish Beef, By this good *Tilbury*—Nothing but Sheeps Heads and Irish Beef.

Mrs. D. 'Tis but too good for you, unless you were more thankful:—Many an honest Gentleman would be glad of your Ors.

Bil. Prithee.—My best Landlady;—Let the small Gem, or the superfluous Petticoat march.

Mrs. D. I will not always endure this.—For once.—But shall we be merry then? [She plucks out a piece wrapt up.

Bil. As merry as thou wilt, my Joe.—Hang pinching; we'll never pine our selves, though our Heirs smart for't.

THE CHEATS.

Mrs. D. Here Major——Here's an old *Elizabeth*, has not seen Light these seven years.

Bil. And ev'n let her go——She has been Prisoner long enough of all Conscience.——Come Captain, let's be merry.

T. T. By this hand, 'tis true;—— [*Speaking to Mrs. Mopus.* I love thee above all Flesh alive.——Fear nothing——All's well, and as right as my Leg.

Bil. And that's crooked, to my knowledge.

Mrs. *Mop.* Nay, good Sir;——You do but jest?

T. T. Hang him——hang him;——I have said enough;——And now I'm for you.——*Be true, Guckolds; Be true, Be true, &c.* [*He sings.*

Mrs. *Mop.* Hoop Holy-day!——That's old.

T. T. You are for new Faces too!——Pray Major, will you oblige this Lady?

Bil. Who, I?——With all my heart:——But I've got so strange a Cold, and drank so much French Wine of late, that (by this old Companion of my Side) 'twill be but once remov'd from Howling.

Mrs. *D.* However——Pray venture——I never knew a good Voice without an Excuse.——Pray try.

Bil. My Landlady might command me any thing——But I'm so out of Tune——*Ta—La. La. La.*——Hang't.

T. T. Let him alone, and you won't be rid of him:——He's like the blind Beggars of *Bolonia*; a Man must give 'um a Half-penny to sing, and Two-pence to hold their Tongues.

BILBOE SINGS.

1.

Come, give me the Wench that is mellow :
And a Pox take all Fools that are yellow :
'Tis the Horn, the Horn ;
The advancing of the Horn,
Dubs a Guckold, an Alderman's Fellow.

2.

Let no man disorder his Rest,
By believing Bulls Feather's in's Crest ;
When you've said what you can,
A Guckold is a Man,
Or most of our Fathers were Beasts.

3.

Then let us sing At it, and at it ;
And let ev'ry one catch that can catch it :
All Opinions agree
In one of these three ;
The Horn, the Pot, or the Placket.

Bil.

Bil. La' you now——Did not I tell you as much?——I'll have my Pipes clear'd, against we meet next.

Mrs. D. But when shall that be?

Bil. When you will, provided it be for all night, and out of Town.

Mrs. D. That's impossible.

Bil. Not at all——You may leave word, you are gone to a Womans Labour.

Mrs. D. Hah, hah!——But her Husband——

Bil. What?

Mrs. D.——Will discover the contrary.

Mrs. Mop. Puh——Puh!——Never let that trouble you:——His Knowledge does not lie that way.——You know, Captain, I have slipt a Man into his Tables ere now, and he not a Farthing the wiser.

T. T. I that thou hast, I'll be sworn.

Bil. Come, come; let's in, and discourse it further.——A Bottle and a Fiddle; and then, Good Night.

T. T. A match, a match:——Lead up before, Major. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E. 5.

Enter Runter and Tyro.

Ru. **W**hat think you of it?——She is a handsom Gentlewoman, and her Father's Heir.

Ty. Think, do you say?——I'll promise you, my Stomack wambles at her already.

Ru. Leave it to me:——I will not do with you, as I do with my Clerk, Snip half Profits——But you know, Sir——Somewhat ought to be done——*Danda est offa.*

Ty. Whatever you please, Sir.——If this take, I will down into the Country, get me an able Clerk, and turn Justice of Peace.

Ru. And so you may.——The Alderman is gone to take the Air, and ten to one but he makes this way homeward: I did once, at distance, propose such a thing; and now I perceive you relish it, I'll present you to him.——But to pass the time till he comes——You say you are a Batchelor of Law, I'll try your Wit:——I have a Case here, refer'd to me; pray observe it, and give me your Opinion in't;——I take it, it runs through the whole twenty four Letters.——These Common Lawyers are our younger Brothers, but they have given us the start; they never let any thing come to us, but what they can make nothing of themselves.

Ty. Pray Sir, let me hear't.

Ru. You shall.——'Tis thus. [*He reads.*] *Abigail*, a Feme Sole, feis'd in Tail of the Mannor of *Black-acre*, makes a Feoffment in Fee to *Cutbeard*, upon condition, that if *Daniel* shall release *Emanuel*, of, and from all Actions relating to *Ferdinand*; that then *Gregory* shall satisfy *Humphrey*, of, and

and for all Marriage-Portions intended by *Jeremy*, to be given *Knipperdoling*, with his Wifes Daughter *Lettice*: which, *Maximilian* perceiving, and believing that *Nicholas* had a more than ordinary Influence upon *Oliver*, procures *Peter* to discharge *Quintilian*, and engage *Rowland* to estate his Wife *Susan* in the capital Messuage of *Tonguewell* (with a certain Salt-marsh, and Under-woods thereunto belonging) and stop his Daughter *Urselas* mouth, with a Wind-mill, and a Water-mill, left her by her Mother. Whereupon, *Winifred*, having lately recover'd, in a Pre-contract, against *Xenophon*, makes a Lease to *Younger*, who Re-leases to *Zachary*, who enters upon *Abigail*, who re-enters upon him; and ejecting him out of the Premises, burns his principal Evidences.—And now, Sir; What think you?—Where has this Man his Remedy?

Fr. I should think, Sir, he were gone at common Law.

Ru. You are always hankering after the Common Law;—How shall we hedge in the Jurisdiction of't?

Ty. Indeed, I cannot tell—But they say, here is a learned Astrologer, that undertakes to tell such things by the Stars: perhaps it might not be amiss to consult him.

Ru. Hark you—I dare trust you—He knows no more of Law, than you or I do.—Now, by my Troth, but it is a difficult Case; and I have given my Opinion in't both ways—The Devil's in't, if one of 'um be n't right.—But, as I told you, the *Enter Whitebroth and Alderman*:—His Constable and he are a little? Double Diligence. private, about some Affairs of Peace; They'll have done presently.

Wh. How do you say it was?

D.D. Why thus, an't please you:—I had (according to the duty of my Office) just walk'd my Round, when loe! about the first of the Morning, we perceived a kind of Glimmering, as of *Guido Faux's* Lanthorn; And we said unto it—Stand—And what art thou? and what meaneth this light at this unseasonable hour of the Night? When presently a Voice answered—Nay, but what are ye? And we said—The Watch: And to our seeming, it said again—Harm watch, harm catch—And there fell a Shower, as it had been of Chamber-pots; and we were most lewdly bepist, and some Pates broken.

Wh. A plain case—The King's Majesty's Authority affronted, in the Representative Person of my Neighbour *Double Diligence*, the Constable.—Bring 'um before me, I'll make 'um know, what's what.

D.D. Will it please your Worship to grant me your Warrant? I had one from Mistresses Worship, during your Sickness, but could make no body obey it.

Wh. How?—Not obey her Warrant?—I'd have 'um to know, she is (in my absence) as good a Justice of Peace as my self. Are not Man and Wife one person in Law?—Not obey her Warrant!—Let me see who dares deny't!—Come Neighbour, come, I smell a Rat;—What would

would you say now, if this should prove to be a Ball from the Pope?—
I say no more. [Runter and Tyro come up.

Ru. Save you, Mr. Alderman!—I am glad to see you so well abroad again.

Wh. Doctor Runter! My loving Friend, and Neighbour—Well met.

Ru. This is the Gentleman, Sir, I told you of;—He is a thriving young Man, and you may do what you will with him.

Wh. I shall be glad to be acquainted with you, Sir:

Ty. I hope the Doctor will oblige me in't.

Wh. Methinks the Air is somewhat sharp:—Come Doctor, Take your Friend with you. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Jolly, Afterwit, and Boy.

Boy. **B**E pleas'd, Gentlemen, to take a Turn or two in this Room;—
My Father is a little private at present, with a Person of Honour, but will be with you presently. [Exit.

Jol. Where are we now?—Nor better, nor worse, but a downright Astrological Bawdy-house:—The Devil of any thing could I see in t'other Room, but two or three Chairs broke in the Back, half a dozen empty Gally-pots, and a Deaths-head between two Syringes.

Aft. You may guess forty times, ere you hit so right again. I believe him a better Artist at Bawdry, than Conjuring.

Jol. Not a jot the worse Instrument.—Do but hear him, and you'll quickly judge: And if you love me, pray let me manage the Conference.—He's somewhat long—Where is this Man of Learning? [Enter Mopus.

Mop. Here Sir—A poor old Man;—One or other will nev'r let him be quiet, till he is in his Grave?—Your Commands, Gentlemen.

Jol. Why Faith, this Gentleman, and my self, have receiv'd so large a Character of you, that we are come to wait on you, in the behalf of a Friend of ours.

Mop. I have done somewhat in my time; and I hope I shall never be too old to do good.

Jol. You say well.—There is a Friend of ours (that for the present shall be nameless) has got a small mischance:—You may guess what I mean.

Mop. Well Sir—I apprehend you, and will set him right again.

Jol. Then you take it for granted, it must be a Man:—Suppose it be a Woman? Does that alter the Case?

Mop. Sir, I'll deal plainly with you—If your Friend be a Man, I'll cure him for five Pieces; but if a Woman, I shall not take her in hand under Twenty. *Jol.*

Jol. Why this great difference?

Mop. O Sir, not without reason:—The sooner you cure a Man, the sooner you have him again—He's a constant Termor.—But a Woman—Ah Sir, she brings Grist to Mill;—Cure her once, and she grows cunning; you'll hardly ever hear of her more:—I shall not bate any thing of twenty pieces to cure her: But this I'll do with you; I'll patch her up against Term, for forty Shillings.

Jol. Hah, hah!—Let this satisfy you; 'tis a Man.—[*He gives him Money.* I'll send him to you.—

Mop. Pray do—And leave him to me;—And if there be any vertue in *Sassa*, *Guajacum*, or *Turpentine*, you need not fear him.

Ast. A rare Rogue.

Jol. Well Sir—I shall:—But this is not all our business—[*Aside.* We are well satisfied, that you are a person of Occult Learning—Pray Sir, will you oblige us.

Mop. You look like Gentlemen, and I am confident are so—I'll be free with you;—I could discover a Secret of Nature to you, and for the expence of a brace of hundred Pounds, put you in possession of't.—It will give you the knowledge of all things past, present, and to come; And long Life, Health, Youth, Blessedness, Wisdom, and Vertue shall be added to it.

Ast. As Paper and Pack-thread.

Mop. But—[*Aside.* If you should not make a right use of it, by living soberly, temperately, and enjoying it, as if you had it not; but shall misemploy it, in Swaggering, Gluttony, Worldly Pride, and Sensuality; you shall not only lose it for the present, but be out of all hopes of finding it again for the future.—And this is that which we call our *Magisterium*, *Elixir*, or *Rosy-crucian Pantarva*:—The Father of it is the Sun, the Mother of it, the Moon; its Brothers and Sisters, the rest of the Planets: the Wind carries it in its Belly, and the Nurse thereof is the Earth.

Jol. Pray Sir proceed, and disclose this Son of Gold.

Mop. *Hermetically*, I shall.—It is situated in the Centre of the Earth, and yet falls neither within Centre, nor Circumference; small, and yet great; Earthly, and yet Watery; Airy, and yet very Fire; invisible, yet easily found; soft as Downe, yet hard above measure; far off, and yet near at hand:—That, that is inferior, is as that which is superior; and that which is superior, is as that which is inferior:—Separate the Combustible from the Incombustible, the Earth from the Fire, the Fluid from the Viscous, the Hot from the Cold, the Moist from the Dry, the Hard from the Soft, the Subtile from the Thick; sweetly and with a great deal of Judgment, *Per minima*, in the *Caverns* of the Earth: And thou shalt see it ascend to Heaven, and descend to Earth, and receive the power of Superiors and Inferiors.—Comprehend this, and be happy.—Thou hast discover'd the Balsom of Sulphur, the *Humidum radicale* of Metals, the Sanctuary of Nature; and there is little or nothing between

thee;

thee, and the Mountain of Diamonds; and all the Spirits of Astromancy, Geomancy, and Coschinomancy, are at your Command.

Jol. Pray Sir, How call you that? That last again.

Mop. Coschinomancy, Sir; that is to say, the most mysterious Art of Sieve and Sheers.—I must confess, I was once of the mind to have oblig'd the World with a Discourse upon this Subject; but since that, the World and I have been better acquainted; and I find it base, and unworthy.

Jol. Troth Sir, 'tis great pity but you went on; such a *Quixotism* in Philosophy must needs please every Man: for my own part, I dare promise you, you shall want neither Money nor Coals, as long as this Gentleman's Purse and mine can supply you.

Mop. Why, truly Sir, Encouragement may do much:—I am neither *Mede*, nor *Persian*; upon good demonstrative Reasons, I may be persuaded.—[*A Bell rings within*] What pity it is (That Beast of Mankind, that *Goth* to all good Literature, for he deserves no better expressions from me) *Dioclesian* burnt all the Books of this Art; and for no other Reason, but that he fear'd (forsooth) they would make Gold too common. A wise Fellow, another *Lycurgus*; to avoid Drunkenness, cut down the Vines.—You see by this, he confest it feasible. [Enter Boy.]

Boy. Sir, I must needs speak a word with you in haste.

Mop. Gentlemen, I'll wait on you again, instantly.

Jol. By no means.—We shall have further Business to you, and will see you again:—We follow you. [Exit Mopus.]

What say you now? Is not this a special Rogue?

Ast. As ever breath'd.—But to my Business:—I am afraid, I shall want present Money; I could never find any Wheels move merri-ly without Greasing.

Jol. Nor I neither.—And therefore, to prevent the worst, try to get to-ther 1000 *l.* of the *Alderman*; and cross-bite him with his own Money.

Ast. And that I am; He has offer'd it me.

Jol. And do it.—If a Man must break, a 1000 *l.* will signifie little in the Sum.—Come, mind your Business, and you cannot miscarry if you would. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 2.

Enter Whitebroth and Timothy.

Tim. I Am glad to see your Worship tread so lusty and strong again;—I hope you'll be the better for't.

Wh. I Tim. 'Twould have vex't a Man, to have just got an Estate, and strait pip't o're the Peach, ere he had time to look upon't.—

Mr. Scapple put divers things very home to me; and 'twas ten to one, but all had come out, but that I thought with my self there was no such need yet.—Come *Tim*, leave that, and let's see how Affairs stand at present.

present. — How have you done with your rotten Raisins? — Did they yield well?

Tim. Troth Sir, the Wine-Coopers have done their part; They have made you at least 60 Pipes of Wine out of 'um: — But they advise your Worship to get your Money for 'um, before they stir out of your Cellar; for however they may be palatable enough, as long as they lie there; yet, as soon as you stir 'um, they'll kick up their heels.

Wh. Good enough to be piss against a Wall, an' they were worse: — And now I think on't, you remember the Country Vintner, that bought the Pipe of Canary on Ship-board, and gave it the Rascal-mark, to cheat the Custom-house — See it be Cran'd off, into another Pipe, and fill'd up again with your New, what d'you call it? — 'Tis good enough for Sinners; — If he discover it, you may tell him, 'tis his own Mark.

Tim. It shall be done, Sir. — But Sir, Mr. Spendall was to have waited on you yesterday, touching a Bond of his of 500 l. which he says is paid, and you promis'd to deliver it up.

Wh. O Ho! Let me see. — Here 'tis. — [He reads.

If the said Spendall shall content, satisfy, or pay, &c. Why see — The Condition of the Obligation (which is made for his benefit, and not mine) says, *If he shall content:* Pray tell him (notwithstanding the Payment of the Money) his Bond is forfeited; for I am not contented. — Does he think, I can be content with 6 per Cent? — I have no more to say to him — I'll take my Course — Pray mind your own business — Have you receiv'd the Jew's Money, and sent him the Pack of Left-handed Gloves, I order'd you?

Tim. Yes Sir — 'Tis done.

Wh. Put tricks upon me! — Make me buy a round parcel of Gloves; and now you know I have 'um by me, if I will not bate a third part of the Money, you have occasion but for half of 'um, and be hang'd: — I'll Jew you, with a Horse-pox. — I have receiv'd half your Money, and you shall have the Gloves (that is to say) all the Left-handed ones — You may chance to truck them off with mam'd Souldiers; if not, I'll make you pay sawce for t'other. — Reach me that Book — And while I remember it, go into my Chamber, and upon the Table you'll find a 1000 l. in Half-crowns, Pray weigh 'um, one by one, and lay by such as are over weight, and see 'um melted down; — 'Tis a hard World, and fit every Man make the most of his own. — [The Bell rings.] See, Who's at Door? — [Exit Timothy. [Whitebroth reads.] Taken up on Bottomary, upon the good Ship call'd the Mary, to be paid with Interest, after the rate of 30 l. per Cent, within ten days after her coming to Anchor in the River of Thames, 1700 l. So, so, That's paid, All got; — She's sunk at New-found-Land: — Besides, I have ensur'd a 1000 l. upon her, my self. — How Wealth trowls in upon an honest Man! — The Master deserves a 100 l. extraordinary for this, and shall have it; This is the fifth Ship, he has sunk for me. — *Tim.* paid the Irish Army, in *Pera-Dollars*. — I! there's a sweet business! — [Enter Timothy. Who's that?

Tim. Sir, Mr. *Afterwit* desires to see you.

Wh. Stay him a while without, I'll be for him presently. — Here's a Squire too, will be worth me somewhat: Let me see his Account — Lent his Father, upon Judgment — 4000 *l.* — *Item*, More upon a Statute — 3000 *l.* — *Item*, upon Mortgage — 2500 *l.* — *Item*, upon his own Account, upon Bond — 500 *l.* — *Item*, more — 300 *l.* — *Item*, bound to me, for other Men — 1000 *l.* — Pox to these Bonds, I must persuade him to take another 1000 *l.* and hedge all into one good Mortgage. — To see how this World goes round: — My Great Grandfather was a wealthy Citizen, and left my Grandfather a Gentleman, forsooth! But what between my Father and him, they so order'd the business, that they left me nev'r a Groat. — This Fellow's Grandfather was a Law-driver, and swallow'd my Father up; His Father set the Estate a moving, and this will set it quite away. — His first Ancestor cheated mine, and I hope I shall be able to requite his love upon his Posterity: — Thus you see the Wheel comes round, to the same Point again. — This City is like the Sea; few Estates, but ran of't at first, and will run into't at last; —

Timothy! [*Enter Tim.*] — Desire my Friend to walk in. [*Enter Afterwit.* Mr. *Afterwit!* The welcomest Man alive — You were wont to come and sit with me; But now — You're grown such a Courtier, you forget your old Friends. — On my Conscience, you want Money, or I had not seen you now. — Away with't — 'tis all but Dirt. — You shall not want a 1000 *l.* as long as I can help you; Nay, an' 'twere 10000. to do you good. — The Son of my old Friend! —

Alth. I thank you, Sir; and shall make use of you! — But I'll promise you, this was purely Visit. —

Wh. I am the more beholden to you: — [*The Waytes play within.* Hark, *Tim!* Beat out those Rogues — What would they have?

Tim. They are the Waytes, Sir — They bid you Good Morrow every Morning, and are now come to congratulate your Worship's Recovery.

Wh. I'll give 'um nothing — They are the cause of more Beggars and Bastards — When a Man would sleep quietly, they wake him, and be hang'd; And then the good Woman plucks him by the Sleeve, and cries — Hark Husband — Hark — The Waytes — Hark! — Come, Mr. *Afterwit*, we'll out of the noise; — 'Tis as dreadful to me, as the last Trump. — [*Exit.*]

S. C. E. N. E

Enter Scruple, and Mrs. Whitebroth, and a Boy.

Sc. 'Tis a fine Child — I'll try his Wit. — How far have you learnt, Youth?

Boy. *Sententia Puerilis!* Sir.

Sc. A good Boy! You may in time come to your Gram and Street.

Boy. I am past that already—

*Quæ genus, aut flexum variant quæcunque novato
Ritu deficiunt, superantque, Heteroclitia sunt.*

Sc. A most emphatical description of us (*Sister Whitebroth*)—We are a kind of *Heteroclitæ*; and oftentimes sav'd, even contrary to Rules:—

A witty Child—Let's see—*Byssus, Abyssus*—How render you that?

Boy. *Byssus*, A bottomless Pit; *Abyssus*, a more bottomless Pit.

Sc. A—Child, Thou art in the right: There is a great—great—great bottomless Bottom;—Indeed there is.

Boy. Please you to give me leave to ask you one word.

Sc. With all my heart, Child—What is't?

Boy. What's the English of *Adolescentior*?

Sc. *Adolescentior*!—Hum! *Adolescentior*!—Haw!—*Adolescentior*—I—That is as much as to say—*Adolescentior*:—(Now fie Child! Ask questions with that dirty face!—Go wash it, Child—Go wash it:—Fye Child! fye!)

Boy. It signifies a Ladder: *Adolescens*, a Lad; *Adolescentior*, a Lad-der.

Sc. I profess, I did not observe it:—I see a Man may live, and learn every day.—Go, Child; wash your face, and let your Father know I am here.

Boy. Yes Sir—I shall.

[Exit Boy.]

Sc. Now indeed Mrs. *Whitebroth*, this is your fault;—I am present in body, but absent in mind:—I could chide you now—But I hear him coming—[Enter Mopus, as from his Study.] Did not I tell you of that Globe?—Tis well I did not venture you by your self.—I'll sift him.

Mop. Worthy Sir, and you, good Madam, most welcome.—Be pleas'd to let me know your Commands, and you shall see, I am so great a Reverencer of your Coat, that my whole Art shall lie at your feet.

Sc. He speaks like other Men.—[Aside.]—You call it right; It is a Coat indeed: no Cassock; but a good, plain, honest, distinguishing Jump.—But to our business;—I have heard, Sir, that you are a Man of Art; and therefore, I would fain know of you, what you conceive of this notable Conjunction in *October* next; which, the Learned believe to be the fore-runner of *Dooms-day*, if not the thing it self.

Mop. You mean, Sir, that of the two superior Planets, *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, in *Sagittarius*?

Sc. The same; What may it portend?—Good, or Evil?

Mop. Much good, no doubt;—Wherein, though I dare not be too positive, yet, as far as *Trismegistus*, *Albubazer*, *Haly*;—*Messabala*, *Zael*, *Rabbi Abraham*;—*Alubater*, *Avenezra*, *Albumacer*;—*Guido*, *Bonetus*, *Hispalensis*, *Firminus*;—*Alchindus*, *Proclus*, *Monteregius*;—*Albertus Teutonicus*, *Averrois*;—And the most ancient *Caldeans*, *Egyptians*, *Moor*s, *Jews*, or *Arabians*, have discours'd, either this, or the like, I shall give you my Opinion.

Sr. I profess, a great read Man!

Mop. And here, we are to observe, which of the two Planets, *Saturn* and *Jupiter* (this the very best, that the very worst) is strongest at the

the time of his Conjunction; for according to his nature, will the effects follow.

Sc. In truth, learnedly——Pray Sir, on.

Mop. The last Conjunction of these two Planets happened——

Sc. Pray Sir, no chance, or happening:——*Was*, I pray.

Mop. Then, *Was* in February, 1643. in 25 Degrees of *Pisces*; a Sign of the Watry Triplicite (not known in Nature before) which produced those monstrous Actions, not heard of in the World before: And now, forasmuch as their Conjunction is in *Sagitary*, the Day-house, and Triplicite of *Jupiter*, we may conclude, it is the more considerable, in regard they have wholly left the *Aquatick Trigon*; and will for many Years make their Conjunction in the fiery Tranquility. For when any alteration, from one *Trigon*, to his contrary, happens——

Sc. Good Sir, no happening—Let me beseech you—for look you, d'you see, as this——Good Sir——Things come not by hap, or chance.

Mop. Well, what you please—It is impossible, but that some admirable effects, quite opposite to the former, must needs follow.—And of this Opinion is the learned *Haly*; and generally, all the Ancients and Moderns.

Sc. But suppose it should be otherwise?

Mop. Then we're mistaken; and that's very unlikely, amongst so many learned Men.—As we ordinarily converse in the World, we may be mistaken; but in *Cathedra* (that is to say, our Studies) 'tis impossible.

Sc. A pretty word for a Study——*Cathedra*, *quasi Cathedra*.——But pray Sir, what effect do you conceive this Conjunction may have upon the Whore of *Babylon*.

Mop. Why truly, that is somewhat uncertain; in regard it will depend so much upon that great Eclipse, of *Sol*, in *Cancer*, in the House of the Moon, the 22 day of *June*, 1666. and will appear almost Total at *Rome*: for my part, I expect some or other should marry her up, and make an honest Woman of her; or otherwise (as Mr. *Brightman*, upon his Pair-Royal of Sixes, has most excellently observ'd) she is likely to get such a Clap, she'll hardly claw it off again in haste.

Sc. I do profess, you have handled the Point notably.——I am convinc'd——There is no Devil in this Globe.

Mrs. Wh. La' you now, Mr. *Scruple*!—You'll trust me another time; won't you?

Sc. Reproach not my good meaning.——Certainly, Sir, you must needs have added some rare Collections, to your own Observation.

Mop. Yes, I have some Toyes (for so the World esteems 'um) however, to me, they are Jewels.

Sc. As what, good Sir?

Mop. Many, many—In particular, a Treatise of the Philosopher's Stone, written originally by *Janbosbar*, *Adam's* Tutor; whom likewise you find recorded in the *Indian Books*, written by *Isagarish*, about a hundred years before his time.

Sc.

Sc. I thought Letters had not been so ancient.

Mop. Alas ! There are divers very good Authors, writ before the Flood ; I have some half a dozen of 'um within, if I could tell where to find 'um :—Men of my Profession cannot well be without 'um.—When I see you next, I'll shew you the very *Autographum*, by which Seth drew his Pillars.

Sc. Yes, that were worth the seeing :—And now I find you so near the Flood, give me leave to try your Learning.—Give me the exact time, and the Language of that time, and I'll say you're a Scholar.

Mop. For the time, It was (according to our late Computation) the 5th day of June, in the 1656. Year of the World, one Month, and seventeen days ; nor more, nor less : And by all good Tokens, upon a Friday, Sol in Gemini ; the Dominical Letter that Year, D ; fifteen minutes precisely after Sun-setting.

Sc. I see, you're very exact.

Mop. Alas ! We must be so ; Half a minutes loss, so many years ago, had been the Lord knows what by this time.—Then for the Language ; notwithstanding any thing that has been said, to prove it *High-Dutch*, I am clearly of Opinion, it was *Hebrew*, or some other *Jargon*.

Sc. Nay, there you must bate me an Ace ; for though I look upon it as obscure as the Head of Nile, yet, as far as it may be lawful to pry into unreveal'd Mysteries, I dare boldly pronounce it to have been *Welsh*.

Mop. *Welsh* ! — *Afedwrch chwî Gymeraeg* ?

Sc. Why truly, no ; but I have a little look'd into the Learning of the Tongue, and that for two Reasons : The one, for the honour of my Nurse ; for I am to tell you, I suck'd a *Welsh* Nurse, and so by a *Synecdoche*, [*He pronounces it long*] may be call'd a *Welsh* Man :—The other, That I have observ'd, it makes an excellent sound in a Country-Church, and consequently, is *Tant*—a—mount to all the Eastern Languages ; and I'll promise you, as *Guttural* (that is to say, *Throat-er-al*)—*Y Cradog, Cragog, Cragwch, Y Gwan-er bull fu gan (r) bruch*.

Mop. O' my word there's no more than *Kawse Pobi*, in this ;—Pray Sir, how do you English it ?

Sc. It matters not ; Or if it did, 'tis not the custom ;—But I had almost lost the Argument ; I say 'twas *Welsh*, and thus I prove it :—'Tis confest of all hands, That before the Confusion of Tongues, there was but one Language ; which being so, 'tis more than probable, That *Gomer*, the first Grandchild of *Noah*, and first Ancestor of the *Welsh* men, spake the same Language that his Grandfather did ; and that from him, by continu'd Succession, it has been deriv'd to them :—For Example—Ask a *Welsh*-man at this day, what Country-man ? He will answer, *Cymro glan*, A true *Welsh*-man ; That is to say, *Gomera glan* :—In like manner, for his Language, *Gymeraeg*, *quasi Gomeraeg* ; both from *Gomer*.—And truly, I take the *Gimbrians* to be much the same ; *Gimbri*, *quasi*

quasi Cambri, quasi Cymbri, quasi Gomeri:—And again, *Mungunry*, *quasi Moxent Gomeri*; the very Seat of *Gomer* himself.

Mop. This is *Draper, Diaper*; *Napkin, Nipkin*; *Pipkin, King Pepin*.

Sc. Most excellent; I see you have study'd *Etymology*.—I might yet further, and (I think) without much difficulty, make it out, That the Mountains of *Ararat*, were *Penmenmaure* in *Wales*; And the most ancient *Egyptians*, originally *Welsh*; as may be more than suspected from their Deification of *Leeks*:—But I had rather come nearer home.—What, pray, were the *Galli Senones*, that sack'd *Rome*? *Welsh-men*, no doubt; The very name speaks it: *Gallus—Gnullus*, or *Wallus*—A *Welsh-man*.—In like manner, the *Gallo-Gracians* under *Brennus*, the same; *Brennus—Brenn*, or *Brenning*—A King, in *Welsh*.—But what do I go about to prove that, which no body dares deny?—I'll give you but one smart parting Blow—The Red-streak't Apple, which makes such excellent *Sider*; what was it originally, but the *Welsh Crab*?

Mop. Sir, you have shewn your self a person of no ordinary Learning: And because I see you are a *Virtuoso*, be pleas'd to walk in with me, and I may chance to shew you some Rarities, not unworthy your perusal.—And you, Madam; if you have any Commands for me, I'll receive 'um there.

Sc. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter Whitebroth, Tyro, and Timothy.

Wh. You're welcom, Sir; And I have heard so well of you, from the Doctor, our Friend, that I'll shew you fair play.—Catch her, and take her.—*Timothy.*

Tim. Your pleasure, Sir.

Wh. Go bid my Daughter come hither.—[*Exit Timothy.*]

'Tis a good Girl, and will make a good Wife; And I hope, whoever marries her, will be a good Husband to her;—She will deserve it, though I say it.

Ty. Never fear it, Sir; If ever I kill her, 'twill be with Kindness;—My Mother would always say—[*Enter Beatrice*] I was the best natur'd thing!

Wh. Come hither, *Beatrice*;—I am going abroad, and will leave you to entertain this Gentleman, till I come again.

Bea. I shall obey you, Sir.—[*Tyro goes backward, scraping.*]

Wh. Nay, to her, Man; never fall into the Rear, when you should charge.

Ty. I warrant you, Sir, for one.—[*Exit Whitebroth, Tyro, & Be.*]

Bea.

Bea. What (in the name of Goodness) have we here?—By my Father's last words, it should be a Sweet-heart (forsooth)—How it struts, like a Crow in a Gutter!—I have a great mind to hear it speak. [*All this Aside.*]

Ty. Methinks (Madam) this is a very fine Room.

Bea. It cannot be otherwise Sir, while you are in it.

Ty. A—las, good Madam—'Tis your Goodness—Truly—Pray, what a Clock do you count it?

Bea. He has a mind to shew his Watch; But I'll prevent him. [*Aside.*]
'Tis much about Four, Sir.

Ty. I have a thing in my Pocket, corrects the Sun. { *He pulls out a large
Brass Watch.*

Bea. How do you call it, good Sir?

Ty. The Vulgar call it a Watch; but according to the Learned, 'tis a *Trochleal Horadeixe*.

Bea. He that made it, was as little sparing of his Stuff, as t'other of his Breath, that New-christen'd it by so stubborn a name.

Ty. Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to accept it!—I assure you, 'tis at your Service: It shall be part of your *Paraferalia*.

Bea. By no means, Sir:—You speak in Phrase.

Ty. Alas (Madam) 'tis the way of the Learned;—Term is three quarters of the Art.—Here's this now— [*He points to a Wooden Standish.*]
I warrant you, you would have call'd it an Ink-box; or at best, a Standish.

Bea. It appears no other to me at present.

Ty. Nor yet to me;—But the word's too common: a Butcher would have said as much.—Oh, no—'Tis a Ligneous Pixid, accommodated with two plumbeous Receptacles, or stannous Repositories, for Ink and Sand;—Or, more Laconically—An *Escritoire*.

Bea. You're very learned, Sir!

Ty. Thanks to a good Tutor, some small Foundation.—I must present you something.— [*He takes out a Flagelet.*]
What say you to this? Your better sort of Gentlemen seldom go without one of them in their Pockets. [*As Tyro plays, Enter Afterwit, speaking to Timothy.*]

Aft. A Suitor, say'st thou! 'Tis a Puppet.—

Tim. You may be too confident, Sir.

Aft. There— [*He gives Timothy Money.*]
—And if your Master comes to hear of it, tell him, I was drunk.

Tim. I shall, Sir.

Exit Timothy. — Afterwit reels.

Aft. How now?—Where's this Alderman?—What have we got here?
A Glister-pipe?— [*He strikes off Tyro's Hat, and kicks him.*]

Bea. Forbear, Sir;—Know where you are.

Ty. The Hat cost more Money, than to be made a Foot-ball.

Aft. Ha! Reply?—Madam, your Fan.

Ty. Murder—Murder—Murder— [*Exit Tyro, and runs against a Post.*]

Bea. Was there ever such rudeness?— [*She offers to go out.*]
Aft.

Ast. Nay—You shall only stay to see I am not drunk ;—I thought this the best Disguise I could use, to keep your Father from believing, I made any Pretences to you.—Well (Madam) I love you, and you know it :—You may be proud.—Farewel. *[Exit.]*

Bea. A mad Wooer !—However, would my Father lik'd him. *[Exit.]*

SCENE 5.

Enter Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Double Diligence ; *All the Women :*
And Scruple, leading two of them.

Ru. **G**ood Mr. *Scruple*, satisfy my Conscience :—An Oath adds no Legality to the Action ; If I swear to kill a Man, must I do it ?

Sc. Why thus :—Hum—Haw—*[He grows pettish.]* Conscience me, no Conscience ; I came not hither to resolve any Man's Conscience ; It is not my way—Truly, I hope, Neighbours—*[He alters his Voice.]* I may not only hope, but dare say, That you are all so well satisf'd, of what I have deliver'd to you, that you are really convinc'd, that they are Truths, not to be question'd :—You know, I meddle not with Conscience ; I came to teach ye.—*[He raises his Voice.]* Did I for this, preach up the Holy Covenant ? Told you, you must deny Learning and Reason, and give the good Cause a Lift ?—Was it for this, that that zealous Son of Thunder, *Mat' Andrew*, told you, That he came to you with a Commission, to bid you subscribe ; That it was a spiritual Contract, in Letters of Flesh ; And that he came wooing to you, for him that had commissioned him ; and therefore call'd upon you, to come, and be handfasted, by subscribing the Contract ? Did I for this, convince you of the lawfulness of the thing ; and, as it were, compel you to the Wedding ? And will you call that Holy Violence, a Spanish Inquisition ?—Have I done all this ? And will you now fall back ?—Shall our old Lease run out ?—And the Land be sow'd with Cockles again ?
*Ah—Ha—**[The Women answer him with a long drawn—Hui.]*

Ru. This is not the Point.—I cannot deny but that I took it my self : But then, was then ; and now, is now.

Sc. Ah—Be steadfast ; and do not believe I speak this out of any particular *Egoism*, or fond likeness, to my self—Ah—No—This thing of Selfishness is a very Nothingness—A meer—meer—Ah—do but consider it—*[He is out, and turns it off.]* *(And pray Neighbours there, leave your whispering, and mind the Master in hand)*—Hum—
I say—Hum—Do but consider, what acting, Wonder-working, advancing, and Christian-comforting times, these were :—How the Rebuke of the poor, bely'd, slander'd People was taken away, and their Reputation clear'd ! Ah—Ah—What great things were wrought upon
F the

the Spirits of Men, even through the Bowels of Difficulty!—Aa—
Antichrist was dying in his Limbs; nay, dying upwards: And this King-
dom, that was once so given to it, that it was call'd the Pope's AG—
Ah—How was it become (as the Assembly most happily found it out)
the chief of the ten Horns, that were to gore the Whore.—Ah—

Aa—Good people, do not fear—There are more Assemblies com-
ing, and more Purfes opening, to carry on the Work—Aa—Com-
fort your selves, That though these Land-destroying Sins of Superstition,
Innovation, and Idolatry, were Sins in the Kingdom, they were not Sins
of the Kingdom; And a Nation was never destroy'd, without National
Sins:—Mark that, Beloved; pray mark that—[The Women again—Hui—
Aa—Rouse up your selves, and let this beget in you (as it were)—
Hum—Haw—New-spiritual-mouth-waterings.—Let it not be said
of you, That you began well, but gave it over, when there was most
need of you—Aa—No—If we must perish, 'tis better to pe-
rish in Hope, than Fear.—Aa—We must be a doing People, as
well as a saying People.—[The Women again—Hui—

It is not enough that you have done well already, but you must press for-
ward; and like the *Grecian*, that when his hands were cut off, clap'd
hold with his teeth.—Ah—Aa—Do you but stand in the Gap,
and there is a Block in the way; it cannot be got over: The Nation can-
not be destroyed, as long as you are in't.—Ah—Then, do not dis-
pond in this day of Trial; this day of Treading down, and not Building
up.—Aa—Give not up this *Good old Cause*, which you have so long
contended for, with so much precious Blood, and so much precious Treas-
ure.—Aa—Forake it not, lest the Malignants rejoice; lest the
Malignant, and Disaffected say, *You've fought to much purpose*—Aa—
Bear it yet but a little, and you will see *Dagon* totter; and when he is
once running down Hill, he will not stop, till he come to th' bottom.—
[Here he sinks his Voice.] In the meantime—Ah—What remains?
But that (forasmuch as the Sword is yet out of our hands)—Ah—
But that we, as it were, descend from our selves, in petitioning for Tol-
eration, and Preservation of our Mortal Bodies, against the rude Ene-
my; and that we promise to be their Servants in everything, that we
shall judge to be righteous.—[Here All—Hui—

Ru. There I hold with you, good Mr. *Scripture*; And the *Gods* are of
the same Opinion.—*Tempori, aptare deo.*—Come, let's in, and
consult the Form.

Sc. I am for no Form:—Yea, I hate the name; I abominate it.—
Forma, bonum fragile est.—[Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Bilboe and Titeré Tu, fighting: Bilboe drives Titeré Tu round the Stage.

Bil. I'll make a Rogue of you, Sirrah!

T. T. Why Major—Nay, good Major—Have a care.

Bil. Thou Son of a Woman;—Do'st think Men are Bulls, and get their Money by roaring?—Cheat me of my share, you Dog?

[**T. T.** has one Leg over.] Are you Earthing, you Rogue?—I'll un-kennel you.

T. T. Nay Major—Major—What d'you mean?—Nay—Nay—Nay—Flesh and Blood is not able to endure this.

[*He takes his Sword in both hands, winks, and runs at T. T. Bilboe runs off.*]

Nay, I am bound to follow no Man;—Do you think I'm oblig'd to fight you by the Mile?—[*Bilboe peeps in.*]

Bil. The Rogue's afraid, or he had mischief me.—[*He comes on again.*]

—Sa—Sa—Sa—Sa—

T. T. Hold Major, hold;—'fore George, you might have spoil'd a Man so.

Bil. Why Sirrah—You Rinking, lousie, Totterdemallion; you Raggamuffin, Tarrarag Rogue—Who made you a Captain?

—Was it not I?—Speak.

T. T. No, troth, was it not;—I was ev'n the Box-keeper of the *Three Kings*, and the *Fleece* Link-boys made us both:—You, a Major; and me, a Captain.

Bil. Why thou *Rotterdam* Villain—Deny it if thou canst;—Did not I pick thee up at a *Three-peny Ordinary*, brought you into *Gentlemens Company*; Dub'd you a Knight of the Blade; Taught you the method of making new Plots, and borrowing Half a Crown of your Landlady, upon the hopes of um; And after all this, sign'd your Certificate, to make you capable of those Arrears you never fought for. And do you now forger your Patroon, Sirrah? Do you forger your Patroon?

T. T. And good Major, recollect your self too, if you please;—Dont you know, that I know; That you were never above a Corporal, in all your life; and that too, not till fighting was quite out of fashion?—Bow the stick on t'other side, and t'will be straight.

Bil. I must kill the Rogue. [They fight again, as before.]

'Twas bravely fought.—Thou hast acquitted thy self like a Man of mettle.—Let's breath.

T. T. Did not I (if you are yet too fool enough to hear Truth) teach you,

your Top, your Palm, and your Slur? — Shew'd you the Mystery of your Jack in a Box, and the frail Dye? — Taught you the use of Uphills, Down-hills, and Petars? — The Wax'd, the Grav'd, the Slipr, the Goad, the Fullum, the Flat, the Bristle, the Bar; And generally, instructed you from Prick-peny, to Long-Lawrence? And is the Question now, Who is beholden?

Bil. That ever friends should fall out about trifles! *[They drop their Swords, Prithee let's discourse the business quietly, between and embrace.*

our selves; and since 'tis gone so far, as to be taken notice of in the Town, Cross and Pile between us, who shall wear his Arm in a Scarf.

T. T. Agreed — But hold — The Devil a Cross have I.

Bil. Or I. — Then Knots and Flats — Our Swords shall serve; — This, Knots, — That, Flats. — I cry Knots.

T. T. And I Flats. — Twirl up. — *[Bilboe twirls up his Sword. 'Tis Flats. — 'Tis yours, Major — All thine own, Boy.*

Bil. Well — It can't be help'd — A Man's ne'er the worse Man for a mischance. — But heark you, Captain — Upon Honour, no talking.

T. T. No — No — No — First Blood, first Blood. — And now, Major, you think I cheated you. — By this good *Morglay*! The Rogue was resolv'd to fight, and I had no reason but to suffer it to be taken up. — I'll be sworn, I got not so much as a Reconciliation Supper by't.

Bil. This is it, when Men must manage their business by themselves. — All cover, and all lose. — You think you are well enough, if you can but say your *Gamut* by Rote, though you are not able to prove a Note of't. — Come, come, I must tell you, there's more requir'd to be a Rogue, than to say, I will be a Rogue. — A Man would have thought, one of your Years and Education, might have easily guess, who would fight, and who not.

T. T. Pox on't, 'tis past: — *[Enter Tyro.]* Prithee, let's hear no more of't. — See! — Here comes my Squire, I told you of.

Noble Squire! — Your Servant. — Pray Major, be pleas'd to know my Friend, *[Bilboe and Tyro salutes.]*

Ty. Oh Captain, I have been all about to look you; — Not fighting, I hope?

T. T. No — The Major and I have been only measuring Blades — Here's the pretty'th thing you ever handled — Hey dath, *[He seizes at Tyro.*

Toledo, to an Inch — right *Thomas de Ayala* — Upon my Credit, but two of 'um came over in three Ships. — Do but see how finely 'tis mounted!

Sa — Sa — Observe how true it bends! — Ah! for a Pals in *Flanconade* now — *[At Tyro again.]* 'Tis a frisky Steel, and has been the death of —

Bil. A thousand Frogs. *[Aside.]*

T. T. More than I'll speak of; or, to tell you truth, dare — But heark you, Squire; hast thou any noble Atchievements for thy Man of *Mars*? Must the great Turk die? — Speak; — His Breath hangs upon thy Lips.

Ty.

Ty. Why, truth, Captain; I came to ask your Advice.—I have been most lamentably abus'd; Nay, in the presence of my Mistress too.

T. T. Send him a *Chartel*; Boy; send him a *Chartel*, and I'll carry it.—Is he of mortal Race?

Ty. Why, truly Captain, I cannot well tell what he is;—But this I am sure, he had a good material Hand and Hoof.

Bil. How, Captain!—This Gentleman is your Friend?

T. T. He is; And I'm engag'd in Honour to see him righted.

Bil. 'Twas bravely spoke;—And pray, think of no Second but my self.—Good Sir—[To Tyro—] Set forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; it may be matter of life.

Ty. Then—So't please you, thus—I was entertaining my Mistress with this little Bauble—[He shows the Flagilet.

Bil. 'Tis somewhat beneath the Standard, I must confess:—But pray on.

Ty. —When of a Sudden, a rude, roaring Roister—

Bil. His Name, good Sir.

Ty. Truly, I could not learn that—It being in the City, 'tis probable, it was some Merchant or other, got drunk.

Bil. Not unlikely.—Proceed.

Ty. I say then, this rude Fellow, without scarce saying a word, gives me a good sound Box.—

Bil. Not to interrupt you, Sir.—Was it the *Bucketoon*, or the *Bucketadoo*?—Logically, or Rhetorically?—That is to say, with the Clutch-fist, or open Palm?

Ty. Why truly, neither:—But as near as I can remember, it was with the Back of the Hand, with the Cheek; for with the same motion, he stroke off my Hat—Thus, Major—*He strikes off Bilboe's Hat: Bilboe stoops, takes it up, and rubs it.*

Bil. O Ho;—The *De vere main*:—Why then the Question will be singly this;—Whether a blow, with the back of the Hand, upon the Cheek, may be call'd, a Box on the Ear:—For my part, I am clearly of Opinion—Not.

T. T. To take it literally, I grant it you:—But then answer me, whether it were not a probable Box o' the Ear? I take it, 'twas.

Bil. So far I agree with you, Captain.—But pray Sir, the rest.

Ty. Then, as if his Foot had kept time with his Hand, he gave me such a kick *in Ano*, that to avoid him, I had almost beaten out my Brains against a Post.

Bil. This last of the Post, was your own Act; and may by no means be call'd his.—However, upon the whole matter, you are wrong'd, and we'll see you righted.

Ty. Thank you, good Major—I am beholden to you.

T. T. D'you hear me—Squire—You see what pains the Major has taken in your business—You must present him.

Ty.

Ty. 'Tis my intention.——Pray, let's meet here about an hour hence, and we'll further consider of 't.

T. T. We'll attend you.——Your Servant.—— [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Mopus, solus.

Mop. SO, so ; the Trade goes merrily on :—Let it hold but one seven years, and I shall go near to fine for Alderman. [*Enter his Wife.*]

Mrs. Mop. O *Mopus* ! *Mopus* ! Here's the Constable's Wife, to have her Fortune read— She had a Bastard before she was marry'd—Has had two Husbands, and one Daughter by this :—One Major *Bilboe* is her Sweet-heart ; and I more than believe, our Alderman has a Finger in the Pye too. [*Exit Mrs. Mopus.*]

Mop. The Devil's in't, if I miss her Fortune ; I shall be Conjuror, whether I will or no. [*Enter Mrs. D. D.*]

Save you, Gentlewoman——Your business with me ?

Mrs. D. Indeed Sir, I have heard you're a Cunning Man, and can tell a Woman any thing.

Mop. Such things have been done, and may again :—Let me see your hand.—— [*She gives him her hand ; he pores on it.*]——Three Husbands——The first, dead——The second, living——A Man of Authority.

Mrs. D. Now, indeed Sir, he is a Constable !——Bless me !

Mop. Your third shall be very rich ; A Common-counsel-man at least ; and you shall have Children by him.

Mrs. D. How many have I had already ?

Mop. Let me see——One Daughter——And no more——That is——Since you were marry'd.

Mrs. D. To see what Learning can do !

Mop. Ah Mistress ; I travel'd hard for't——I have been where never any man was before me, or since——I'll speak a bold word——I have been so far, that I might have put my finger in the very hole where the Wind came out ;——And all this for a little Knowledge.

Mrs. D. Methinks 'tis a great deal——Pray, a little more.

Mop. You should have three Diseases ;——And if you scape the first and second, you may arrive to the third. You shall bury all three Husbands, and be very fortunate toward your latter end.——You were born—— [*He turns his Globe.*] under Cancer ;——And have receiv'd a Hurt by Fire——Hot Water, or some other way.

Mrs. D. Now truly, but I burnt my hand with a Smoothing Iron ; And all to be scald'd my Foot with taking down the Pot one day, when my Maid was gone abroad with her Sweet-heart.

Mop.

Mop. You have a natural Mark, before or behind, or somewhere about you, between your Head and your Heel.

Mrs. D. That's more than I know; but I'll have my Husband look to Morrow Morning.

Mop. You are pretty neat in your House; somewhat nimble, witty, subtle;—And a good Bed-fellow.

Mrs. D. Indeed Sir (I know not why) but I've been told so.

Mop. Double-minded—Often changing your Resolution—Prone to be angry, but quickly gone—And now and then love a bit in a Corner.

Mrs. D. 'Tis best eating, when one's a hungry.

Mop. Your good days are *Monday—Wednesday—Friday*—Your evil, *Tuesday and Thursday—Saturday*, indifferent.—Your good Fortune lies—*South*, and by *North*; and therefore direct your Affairs that way, and place your Chamber-door and Bed to that side.

Mrs. D. Now beshrew me, Sir, but I'll observe your directions.

Mop. Once more your hand—Your *Mons Veneris* is exalted—You love—I marrie that you do.

Mrs. D. Nay, now Sir! What d'you mean? I love nothing but what all Women do—Their Husbands.

Mop. Two strange thwarting Lines across the *Cingulum*—You have a Sweet-heart or two, besides your Husband.

Mrs. D. Who, I, Sir?—I'd have you know I am no such.—I am as honest a Woman as any in the Parish.—I scorn your words.

Mop. No doubt of it.—Let me see how your hand agrees with my Globe.—He is—*[He turns his Globe, and describes Bilboe.]* Suppose I should name him to you;—*B-I-L-Bilboe*:—He belongs to the Sword.

Mrs. D. Oh Sir, have a care—If my Husband should hear you, he would run Horn-mad; and knock both our Brains out with his Staff of Authority.

Mop. To shew you more of my Art—You had a Bastard before you were marry'd—And there is an old Fellow that haunts you—*[He describes the Alderman.]* What say you?

Mrs. D. O, good Sir—If you discover me, I am undone. *[Enter Boy.]*

Boy. Sir, there are two Gentlemen below, desire to speak with you.

Mop. I will wait on 'um presently. *[Exit Boy.]*

Never fear me.—We are oblig'd, by our Order of the *Rose Cross*, to keep all Confessions secret.—'Tis our Alderman, that's more.

Mrs. D. If you should betray me now.—

Mop. I will not—I will not.—But heark you—Upon condition still, you give me a bit too. *[He calls her.]*

Mrs. D. O Sir, 'tis impossible—Your Wife's in t'other Room—The Gentlemen stay for you below—Some body's coming up—*Mrs. Mopius*, *Mrs. Mopius*!

Mop.

Mop. Hang her, Jade——

{ As Mopus kisses and pulls her, Enter Jolly and Afterwit behind them.

Aft. See——See——See——Y' Faith, Mr. Doctor!——Is this your living soberly, temperately; and enjoying it, as if you had it not?

[Mrs. D. scuttles away.]

Jol. Is this your *Magisterium*——*Elixir*——or *Rosy-Grucian*——*Pantarra*?——No Sirrah——The Father of this is the Devil; the Mother, his Dam; its Brothers and Sisters, the Tribe of Whore-hoppers; the Wind carries it from Bawdy-house, to Bawdy-house; and the Nurle hereof is a Suburb-Tantrum.

Mop. A Plague o' this Boy——Undone for ever!——

[Aside.]

Jol. Are you so hot?——I'll cool you.——D' ye hear me——Give the next Porter half a Crown, and let him fetch *Double Diligence*, the Constable——I am mistaken, or the Woman we found here was his Wife.

Aft. Keep him in the mean time.

Jol. I warrant you, he stirs not.

[Afterwit offers to go out.]

Mop. Gentlemen——Good Gentlemen——As you are Men——You undo me for ever——Study wherein I may serve you.

Jol. Stay a little *[To Afterwit.]*——Confess, and you shall see what we'll say to you:——Art not thou a dam'd cheating Rogue?——How hast thou the impudence to believe that any thing but Fools should come near thee?

Mop. Nor would I, by my good will, deal with other:——Do you take the wise Men, and give me the Fools; and then see, who'll have the most practice.——There are but two sorts of People in the World, *Aut qui captant, aut qui captantur*:——*Aut Corvi qui lacerant, aut Gadaveræ, quæ lacerantur*: Which the great *Albumazar*, has most significantly rendered, by Cheators, and Cheatees.——If it were not for Fools, Sir, how should Knaves live?

Jol. An ingenious beginning; if it hold, much may be said.

Mop. You are Gentlemen;——And I see, understand:——I'll be plain with you——Examine the World, and you'll find three quarters of't downright Fools; And for the rest, six parts in seven, are little, besides Band and Beard, and yet they make a great busle in the World, and pass for shrewd Men:——And can you blame me then?——Did you ever hear a Fish-wife, cry Stinking Makarel? Or a Citizen, gum'd Velvet?——No——The best in the Town, though the worst in his Shop.——Here we have a learned Consultation, whether my Lady may eat Butter with her Eggs, or have her Posset turn'd with Lemon or Ale:——Yonder another keeps a sputter, with his New—New—New—The Wall-ey'd Mare, and the Cropt Flea-bitten—A Book with a hard Title——A new found Language in *Ireland*—Turk and Pope—The Flesh-Office——My Ladies Dog—The safest way of cutting of Corns—A Bag of Writings—

A

A House o' the Bank-side—The Christning of another Turk—A Franciscan Profelitte—Gentlemen-Ushers, and Maid-Servants—Dentifrices, and Lozenges.—Another dawbs you whole Volumes, with the difference between Sufficient and Efficacious.—Another, whether the Lining of Aaron's Ephod were Sky-colour'd, or Sea-Green; And hack and hew so desperately about their Goats Wool, a Man should bless himself to see such piles of Elaborate Nonsense.—And now, Gentlemen—Am I the only Man in fault?—The worst you can say, is, The People have so little Wit, as to give Money; and I am so mad, as to pocket the Injury.—Does this satisfie?

Ast. Rogue enough—But is't not possible to make thee honest?

Mop. Try me.—I have a Wife and three Children:—The Devil take my Wife, and two of them, if ever I fail you.

Ast. A safe Wish—But suppose I should order it so, that a young Lady come to you, could you so read her Fortune, as to make her marry me?—You know how to play your part, if you please.

Mop. And if I don't to your advantage, cut my Throat.

Ast. He must know't at last—I had as good tell him the person. [*To Jolly.*

Jol. So you may;—And do.

Ast. Hold up thy hand—To make thee honest, here's twenty Pieces for thee; and if thou dost the business, I'll give thee two hundred more.—What say'st thou?

Mop. If I betray you, or do not my best, be seven years in killing me.

Ast. You know Alderman *Whitebroth*?

Mop. Know him!—Why—I am his Doctor.

Ast. 'Tis his Daughter—You know your work.

Mop. And if I don't do't—I'll run my Country.—And now, Gentlemen, you shall say, I am honest—You observ'd the Woman that was here when you came in?

Ast. Yes; What of her?

Mop. Why—she is the Constable's Wife, whom (to be short) the Alderman Cackolds.

Jol. Hah! Are you sure of it?

Mop. By the help of this Globe, I made her confess, that the Alderman, and one *Bilboe*, play *Level de coile* with her.—But (I may tell it you now) my Wife gave me the first hint of't.

Jol. Hah! hah!—Thou art honest.—*Bilboe*—A Hector—He lies in the Constable's House?

Mop. The same:—Make the best use of it you can, and I'll promise you, to follow your directions.

Ast. This was better than Wish—Come, we'll lay our heads together, and you shall hear of us suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE 3.

Enter Whitebroth, Runter, Timothy, Beatrice, and Scruple, leading Mrs. Whitebroth.

Wh. **W**As he so drunk, d'you say?

Tim. As ten thousand Beggars.

Wh. So, so;—His Money's jogging already.—Alas, Mr. Runter, you hear what he says—He was drunk.

Tim. Indeed Sir, I was never but half so bad in all my life, and then I was Maudlin for a whole Month after.

Sc. And well it became you—Compunction is good, *Timothy.*

Ru. What say you, Sir—Mr. Tyro is a civil, hopeful Gentleman; and I am sure, loves your Daughter.

Wh. Nay, speak to her—There she is.

Bea. Love me!—'Tis more than ever he told me yet.

Sc. He is a little modest.—*Ingenii vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris.* Truly, I think you could not have chosen better.

Bea. I chosen, Sir!—you will not persuade me, I hope, that I am in Love?—If I am, I can assure you, 'tis not with him.

Mrs. Wh. How Child!—Not be rul'd by your Father?—Indeed Husband, it would be worth your while to have an eye upon her.

Wh. And your own too, good Wife.

Sc. It should be both your Care—You must provide a Husband for her in time, or she will provide one her self.

Wh. Come, leave this discourse to another time; you know we have business. *[Exeunt. Manet Timothy.]*

Tim. What pity 'tis, that this *Monsieur le Coxcomb*, Tyro, should have my young Mistress:—A Fool, that knows not the use of Money, but to play at Bob-farthing, and Span-Counter.—*Afterwit* has most right to her, for his Estates sake.—Come, come, he is a Gentleman; and if things hit right,—Thou shalt have her, Boy. *[Exit.]*

SCENE 4.

Enter Bilboe (his Arm in a Scarf) and Titere Tu at one Door.

Tyro at another.

Ty. **A** Las, Major! Your Arm in a Scarf!

Bil. Why Faith—A small Badge of Honour;—And I was dress'd up in haste, that I might not fail you.

Ty. How was it, good Major?

Bil. Nothing, nothing, but a small Brush about the Wall; and I know not

not why; but I fancy'd he might be the Person that affronted you. To be short, he made me this Pass in *second*, and I return'd it so *limbly* in *terce*, that I made the Sun shine clean through him.

T. T. Lightning, by this hand—Lightning—Well—*[He claps Bilboe on the Back.]*

Bil. Uh—Have a care, Captain.

T. T.—Go thy ways—And if thou takest a Swing in *Quart* for't, there hangs as brave a Fellow, as has hung there these forty years.

Ty. No Murder, I hope, good Major?

Bil. Let him look to that—I neither know, nor care.—Don't be troubled, Boy!—I have an Arm yet left to fight thy Battels.

Ty. I thank you, Sir—Be pleas'd—

[He gives Bilboe Money.]

Bil. O Sir,—Your love.—

T. T. Ne'er doubt him, Squire.—I'd as leife have him upon his Stumps, as twenty others upon no Legs.

Ty. Well Gentlemen, Courage.—For my own part, I fear no Flesh alive—No, upon my Life and Soul, don't I; and I believe the same of you.—You may fight, you are Men of the Sword.—But for me—A Man o' th' Law!—How say you, Captain?

T. T. By no means, Squire.

Bil. Say no more—He's dead.

Ty. Nay, good Major, have a care—No more Murder.—

Bil. What you please.—I'll promise you, I'll use him the better for your sake.

Ty. See Captain—This is he.

T. T. Pray Sir, withdraw; and hazard not your self.—It may prove dangerous.

Ast. I have out-stay'd my time.—*[To himself.]* With your favour, Sir, what's a Clock?

T. T. Look upon the Dial.—*[Tiere Tu turns up his Breech to him. Afterwit kicks him on the Face, takes away his Sword, and sets one Foot on him.]*

Ast. It wants a *Gnapp*.

[Bilboe Repr.]

Bil. Hold thy Death-threatening hand.—He is a Captain.—Let him die fairly.—You do well to presume upon this Scarf.—I ha'n't been wont to see such things, and carry my hands in my Pocket.—*[Exit Jolly.]* But—

Jol. Thou art not mad, Man?—Hold—

Ast. The Rogue has affronted me, for speaking kindly to him.—Be quick.—And let me know the cause, or I'll nail thee to the Ground, for an example to others.

Bil. You have injur'd a worthy Friend of ours—Squire *Ty.*

Ast. If that be all—Rise—There's your Sword.

Bil. By no means, Sir—*[Bilboe claps between 'um.]* 'Tis against the Law of Arms, to hold a Sword against any Man, has had our Life at his Mercy.

Jol. Major *Bilboe*, I think.

Bil. The same, Sir—I should know that face too!—Certain, Sir; I have had the honour to be drunk in your Company ere now.

Jol. And not unlikely—We must not part with dry Lips now.—*Afterwit*
—Our Friend—Dost not remember, we were merry together, at—

Ast. Oh—Your Servant, Sir.

[*They salute.*]

Jol. Come—All Friends—Well Major (to renew our Acquaintance) I have the best humour for you—'Twill get you the Pence, and all of us Mirth.

Bil. And what may it be?

Jol. Dismiss your Friend to the next Tavern, and I'll tell you.

[*Bilboe whispers* Titere Tu.

T. T. Methinks, I find a Dislocation in my Crupper.—Your Servant, Gentlemen.

[*Titere Tu goes limping off.*]

Bil. Your Servant, you Rogue—Your Servant.—Now Sir, your Commands?

Jol. To the point then—If you are honest to us, it may be worth you 500*l.*—If not, we are two to one, persons unstain'd in our Reputation; and if we deny, your Affirmation will signifie little—Will you be trusty?

Bil. As Steel, my Boy. What is't?

Jol. You lie at *Double Diligence*, the Constable's House?

Bil. I do.—What then?

Jol. And now and then (for diversion) with your Landlady?

Bil. No wounding of Reputation, good Gentlemen:—She's a pretty Fly-Boat, two Men won't sink her.

Ast. Nor three, I warrant you.

Bil. It may be not—Have you a mind, Gentlemen?

Jol. O—No Sir—I hope Alderman *Whitebroth* visits you pretty often;

Bil. For his Rent, or so.

Jol. Then we know more than you—He has a lick at her too.—Will you assist us in a design?

Bil. By the Faith of a *Soldate*, and a Man of Arms, I will.

Ast. To engage you then, here's twenty Pieces for you—You must trepan him with the Constable's Wife;—If you find her shy, you may bring in her Husband for a share—My Neck on't, you square him out of a 1000*l.* at least—He'll do any thing, rather than have it known.

Bil. Do't?—I, and thank you too!—The Bed-pad is the safest Pad?—Here's my hand, I'll be honest to you.

Jol. Well, see you are; and let's hear from you again, as soon as you can—In the mean time, do you two go to the Captain:—You know whether I am going.—Farewel.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE.

SCENE 5.

Enter Cis, sola.

Cis. **T**Hat I could meet with Mr. *Afterwit* now ;——He'll never get such another opportunity——And at home, 'tis vain to think it.

[Enter Jolly.

Jol. Oh ! *Cis* !——Well met——'Tis my good Girl. *[He calls and kisses her.*

Cis. Nay, pish——Stand away——Come ;——Do what you will, but don't you rumple my Handkercher.

Jol. Alas poor thing——I warrant, you much minded what I spake to you of last :——Have you ever said any thing to your Mistress about it ?

Cis. Yes, that I have——And she likes him well enough ;——But she will never marry, without her Father's Consent.——She loves him well, but her Father's Estate better.

Jol. A good crafty Wench.——Let us but secure her, I'll warrant her the Estate :——And if thou dost it, *Cis*,——I'll promise thee a good Portion, and a better Husband.

Cis. What would you have me do ?

Jol. Lose no opportunity of commending Mr. *Afterwit* to her :——A Gentleman——A fine Man——A handsome Man——A proper Man——And you dare warrant, a good Woman's Man.——And heark you, you may tell her, how *Tyro* had hir'd a couple of Fellows to *Hector* him ; and that he came off bravely :——And all this for her.

Cis. Indeed Sir, I will not fail you in a tittle.

Jol. But were't not possible to get her to *Mopw*'s, to have her Fortune read ?

Cis. Suppose I should ?——What then ?

Jol. The work were done.

Cis. Then trouble not your self——She made me steal out before, and is just following me, to that purpose :——But hang him——He knows as much as my Horse.——I had almost told her how *Tim* and I cheated him with some dead Ale in a Urinal, instead of my Master's Water ; but that Mr. *Scruple*, and my old Mistress, have so cry'd him up.

Jol. Have a care of Stories——They may spoil all——The Fellow is ignorant enough, there's no doubt of't ;——But yet, as long as they believe him knowing, will be easily able to do my Friend's business.——Prithee, desire her to make him shew her, her Husband's Face in a Glass——Doubt nothing, but follow your Instructions.——I must to *Afterwit*, and let him know, whither his Mistress is going.

Cis. Well——Trust to me——Be gone——I hear her coming.

[Exit Jolly at one Door : Enter Beatrice at another.

Bea. O *Cis*——I am stol'n out with much ado——Shall we go ?——
What dost think of him ?

Cis.

Cis. Truly, I take him for a huge cunning Man——He has told all the Maids of the Parish the strangest things!——And they say, can shew one ones Sweet-heart's Face in a Glas.

Bea. If he can do that—I'll believe him——I am so strangely troubled with Dreams, it passes——

Cis. And so have I been too——And thought several times, to tell you of a strange thing in our House, but that I was afraid you would laugh at me.

Bea. But tell me——What was't?

Cis. Why last New-years Eve, when all the House were in Bed, I swept up the Hearth, and smooth'd the Ashes, and next Morning, found the Print of a Wedding-Ring, and a Grave upon them.——I am confident we shall have a Wedding and a Burial out of our House this year——My old Master die, and my young Mistress marry'd.

Bea. Away, Fool——If I marry——I promise you, it shall not be *Tyros*——'Tis such a piece of Ginger-bread!

Cis. Marry hang him——'Tis all the News, that he hir'd a couple of Fellows to murder Mr. *Afterwit*; But he has paid 'um to the purpose.——And they say, the Quarrel was about you.

Bea. Then in short time I shall be Town-talk, and work for Knights Adventurers.——I should be sorry, he were hurt:——I would——But come, I long to hear what this Fellow will tell me. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mopus, Jolly, and Afterwit.

Jol. **M**Ake haste——I left 'um coming——
Here they are.

[*The Bell rings.*]

Mop. Then do you step into the next Room——And when you hear me cry——*Jubeo*——Take the small Stool in your hand, and come in, and stand upon it behind her Chair, and look upon the Glas——But be sure, when you have done, to take the Stool away with you.

Jol. I must be gone—I have appointed *Runter*.——Have you prepar'd the Alderman's Dose?

Mop. 'Tis here—— [*He shews a small Viol.*——] And as soon as I have dispatch't you, I am resolv'd to visit him, and give him half a score drops of it in somewhat or other; but so qualify'd, it shall only distemper him, but do him no further hurt.——A Glas of Stomach-Water will fetch him again, while you say, What's this? [Exit *Boy*.]

Boy. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman or two at door, desire to speak with you.

Mop. Desire them to walk in :—Here, here—This way—
And you there.— [*Exeunt Jolly, afterwit, and Boy, severally.*
So ; if this take, I shall save my Credit, and get good Money to boot.—
[*Enter Beatrice and Cis.*] Madam—your Servant—What Service have
you for me ?

Bea. I have heard my Mother so talk of you, I could not be quiet, till
I came to you too.

Mop. I am not wont to make my Art common—But do you propose
what you will, and I'll do my best to resolve you.

Bea. Then truly Sir, I have been extreemly troubled with Dreams,
and would fain know what they mean.

Mop. And shall (Madam) if Art can do't.—Dreams are certain moti-
ons, or fictions of the Soul, signifying some Good or Evil to come ; where-
in notwithstanding, we chiefly regard how the Moon stands affected.—
What were yours ?

Bea. Methought my Father was chosen Lord Mayor, and that *Cis* and
I were pounding Spices, to make an Entertainment—And at last, me-
thought we fell together by the Ears in our Smock-Sleeves.

Mop. For the first, 'twas an ill sign—A sign of your Father's death—
For Death is like the Mayor of a Town, within his own Corporation ;
subject to none, and has no Companions :—Then, as to your pounding
of Spices—That betokens Matrimony—For the Pestle represents the
Man ; and the Mortar, the Woman.—Lastly, as to your fighting—In-
fallibly the same ; And that, the rather, the persons being strip't, as you
say they were.—Have you more ?

Bea. Yes Sir—Methought I was marry'd to a Man, with a great Jolt-
head.

Mop. A sign of Dignity.—If there had been a Brazen Face to't, the
better ; for 'tis the first step to't.

Bea. There were divers others—But I have forgot 'um. Pray be-
pleas'd to give me some general hints, that I may the better observe 'um
for the future.

Mop. Any thing (good Madam) to serve you.—To dream of Loss of
Eyes, betokens Help ; For most Men help the Blind :—If but one Eye,
but half what was expected.—For a marry'd Woman to dream of Be-
heading ; Loss of her Husband :—To a Maid ; Loss of her Maiden-head.
—Of Leeks, and Cheese ; that she shall marry a Welsh-man.—Of hang-
ing, Matrimony ; for they both go by one Destiny.

Bea. Pretty indeed—Pray Sir, some more.

Mop. To dream of loss of Fingers, betokens want of Employment ;
to a Lawyer.—Of broken Pates ; good luck, to Chyrurgions.—Of cut-
ting high Capers ; Hanging, to a Thief.—Of a Midwife, Revealing of
Secrets.—Of Grass-hoppers, and Crickets ; More words, than perfor-
mance.—Of a Post, and Pillars ; A Mayor and Aldermen.—Of a Calves-
Head.

Head and Purtenants; a Fore-man, and his Fellows.—Of being a Bed with a handsome Lady; Ill luck, because 'tis not true.—Of having a true Friend—

Bea. I, what sign's that?

Mop. A sign he's mistaken:—But enough of this—Good Madam, your hand.

Bea. Here—And pray tell me my Fortune.

Mop. I cannot make it better or worse; But such as it is, you shall know presently.— [*He pores on her hand.*—] A fair Table—The Line of Riches well extended—Very large Wheels of Fortune—You will be a good-House-keeper—Rich—and fortunate.—These Lines betoken Husbands.—You will have, let me see—If your first Husband dies before the Mark's out of your Mouth; A second—And then perhaps a third.—These Interfarings, Children;—You will have—Some half a dozen, more or less.—Yet once again—Pray, let me see how your hand agrees with my Books; *He steps to the Table, and turns his Book and Globe.*

Bea. What think'st thou of him, *Cis*?

Cis. No doubt but it is all true.—They say, he can shew ones Sweet-hearts Face in a Glass; good Madam, remember to try him.

Mop. You shall have a Husband in a very short time:—As to his person—He is, &c. [*He describes Afterwit.*] He has some Incumbrances upon his Estate at present, but shall recover them all, and be very happy, fortunate, and honourable.

Bea. But does he love me?

Mop. I am sure he does—And without him, you'll be very unhappy.—He is a most excellent person—He receives his Knowledge from *Mercury* in *Virgo*;—His Compleatness of Body, from *Caput Draconis*, in *Gemini*:—*Saturn* and *Venus*, in *Libra*, direct him to the Light of Nature:—*Fortuna Major*, and *Populus*, Figures of *Geomancy*, give him Health—And *Puella* befriends him.—*Mars*, in *Cancer*, is his Enemy;—*Jupiter*, in *Capricorne*, somewhat uncertain; and two Ideas of *Geomancy* conspire against him—But he shall receive Treasures from the Sun, and Jewels from the Moon; and his Gardian Angel shall defend him, and make the spiteful Dragon bite his Tail, in *Sagittarius*, because he cannot be reveng'd of him.

Bea. But is't not possible to see this excellent person?

Mop. 'Tis a thing I rarely do—I seldom practise beyond the Stars—But if you'll promise me to sit quiet, and not talk it abroad, I will for once, shew you the height of Art.

Bea. Well Sir—I promise—But pray, no noise.

Mop. No—He shall rise with Musick. *Boy,*— [*Enter Boy.* My Glass, and the enchanted Chair. [*Exit Boy.* *Mopus* draws a Circle.

Bea. Oh—Good Sir, have a care!

Mop.

Mo. Be still.—The Spirit knows my meaning, and I dare not balk him.—*I* Fear not; you are as safe, as if you were in your Father's House.—*[Enter Boy, with a Glass, and a singing Child.]* Here Madam, sit down; And you, Sweet heart, at your Mother's Feet.—*Sirrah.*—*[He speaks aside to the Boy.]*—Take your Duty; and when you see the Gentleman preparing to come in, play a Lesson of two.—*[Exit Boy.]*—Now Madam, sit still.—And fear nothing.

[He takes his Book, waves his Rod, and reads]

Mr. T. was well convinced—Your servant.

MAZOL TOB.

SCME

Bombomachides Cluninstariadyarchides, qui prapofitus es Utopia, & Terram incognitam folus delineas. Conjuro, & confirmo te, & fuper te (O nihilum Potens!) Per nomen Stella, qua eft fine nomine—Per Solstitium Solis, & Luna—Dodecatemoria—Per Tiberii Spemmag, & Claudia Apolacumbeco—Per Cingulum Veneris, & Garragantia—Per Alpha—Beta—Gamma—Delta—Coph—Refeh—Schon—Tua—Per omnia Prædicta, & alia ubicunque qua nunquam fuerunt, nec ufquam futura funt—Conjuro fuper te, Bombomachides (occulta gaudias, & tamen magis) quod relinquo Agri Gurgulidomis, & Gogmagogorum antiquiffima fede, & tamen Veni, & pro me laboras, & perimplas omnia petitionem hujus Domini, juftitiae, & votum suum—Veni—Veni—Veni—Per omnia Prædicta—Inde—Veni.

[The *Lute* plays.—*Enter* *Afterwit*; looks over her *Chair*, as directed; and after a little time, *Exit*.]

But they'll never know it. — He'll be hang'd ere he let the pul-

Now, Madam, you have seen the *Ne plus ultra* of Arts! And if I might advise you, I would have you comply with your Destiny. — Without it, you will be miserable.

—Bed. And perhaps with you. — Do you know the Gentleman? —
—Did you, I mean, know him in your life? — Call now. — But methought he had
a promising Aspect, and agreed in every thing with what I told you be-
fore. — Do you know the face? —

Bea. Yes.—And if my Father were consenting to it, it should be the first thing I would do—

But Mon. I can but wish you well. Met one thing I'll do. 'Tis yet in
 my power, and if you have no mind to him, I avoid seeing him, before
 you have slept; and let me know in the morning, I'll send word, and
 I may prevent it. I do. If otherwise, he shall be sent for. Mon. O good and

Li Hsiang: I thank you, Sir—*(She gives him Mine)*—O Co, What shall I do?—Is there no Back-way?—If I can but miss him slowly—I'm well enough.

Ch. I have a good heart, Madam. — What must be, will be.

H. ... by this Agreement!

Mrs. You had best let my Boy conduct you. Boy! [*Enter Boy.*]
 You know the Back-way to the *Alderman's*.—Shew it this Lady, and
 wait on her, as far as she pleases to command you. [*Exeunt Beatrice, Cis,
 and Boy.*] Your Servant.——So, so, things go as they should.
 Where are you, Sir? [*Enter Afterwit.*] Your work's as good as done.—
 She's gone the back way.—You will easily get before her, upon the
 Turn of the Street.—Now's your opportunity.—Make haste and
 meet her, and she can't refuse you.
Ast. 'Twas well contriv'd.—Your Servant. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Bilboe, and Mrs. Double Diligence.

Bil. I Thought what you were.—Is this your going to Repetition?
 I'll tell my Landlord.

Mrs. D. Indeed I could nor help it.—I could never be rid of him.—But I
 am sure, I always lov'd you best.—I hope you will not undo a Woman.

Bil. Nay.—Nay.—That's nothing to me.—I am resolv'd—
 Unless you engage to do one thing.

Mrs. D. Any thing, good Mr. *Bilboe*, that I can.—What is't?

Bil. When will the *Alderman* be here?

Mrs. D. At Night, after the Watch is set.—What then?

Bil. Why.—You must joyn with me to trepan him.—It may be
 worth us a 1000*l*.

Mrs. D. 'Tis impossible.—No one will believe him to be such a Man.

Bil. They'll never know it.—He'll be hang'd, ere he let the busi-
 ness come upon the Stage.

Mrs. D. I'll never yield to it.—You shall have what Money you will.

Bil. Hang Money.—Fly Brass, the Devil's a Tinker. [*Enter Double
 Diligence.*] Honest Landlord!—I see you are for the Watch—

Twenty to one but I beat up your Quarters.—I'll make you run, faith.

D. D. Yes.—After you, Major.—I have done it forty times.

Bil. Why, how now, Man?—Melancholy?—Thou look'st as
 if thy head were full of Accounts.

D. D. And truly, you are right.—I was just considering how to
 patch up my Account with Mr. *Alderman*.—Indeed he ties me to hard

meat.—I cannot take a Rat, but he makes me account to him for half-
 profits; and yet, I allow him as good as 40*l* a year, for the keeping of

one poor Gate.—Would I were once Overseer of the Poor, or Church-
 warden; there were some what to be got by that:—I'm sure, this will

hardly keep Life and Soul together.

Bil. Hang care.—I'll tell thee what.—Thou hast the honestest Wo-
 man to thy Wife, this day in the Parish.—Poor Soul, how she's been

plagued by this *Alderman*!

Mrs.

Mrs. D. Nay, Major—What d'you mean? *[She pulls him by the Elbow]*
You won't, I hope—Major—

Bil. She was ashamed to tell you't her self, and would not be quiet, till I had promised to do it.—This old Goat is perpetually solliciting her.—Would one think it?—Troth, I should have guess'd him fuller of Mercury, than Venus; But a Man may be deceived.

D. D. How!—The Alderman?—See what 'tis to have an honest Woman to ones Wife.—I warrant you now, had she been right (as they say) she had never discover'd it.—Now, my dear Chick, how I love thee!

Bil. Leave your slobbering, and consider what to do.—My advice is, that we trepan him.—The Thief is rich, and will bleed well.

D. D. That would be somewhat!—But how is't to be done?

Bil. He will be here by that time the Watch is set.—The Captain and I will do't.

D. D. If we could get a good round Sum between us, 'twould do no hurt.—You may compound with the Captain for a small matter.

Bil. Let me alone with him;—He's hard at hand.—I'll fetch him;

Don't you be out of the way. *[Exit Bilboe.]*

D. D. Indeed Wife, this is a Providence, and may do us good!

Grant, we may make a right use of't. *[Enter Whitebroth.]*

Wh. Not gone yet!—I must rattle him. *[Aside to himself.]*

D. D. Save your good Worship, Sir.

Wh. Alas, Mr. Double Diligence! That you should be thus negligent of the Peace of the Kingdom!—Don't you know there are a number of dangerous people abroad, and your Watch not set yet!—Now truly, but you are too blame; and I could find in my heart to have you complain'd of.

D. D. I was just going.—Your Worship sees I am ready.

Wh. Pray keep your Watch together, and walk your Round in Person.—You cannot be too secure.—Here;—Here's somewhat for your Watch to drink.—I have given um nothing a great while.

D. D. 'Tis a Four-pence-half-penny, Sir.—Will your Worship be pleas'd to have the odd Half-penny again.

Wh. No, no.—No matter.—Let it go for a Crust.

D. D. We thank your Worship. *[Exit Double Diligence.]*

Wh. I just met my Doctor, and he has given me the rarest Cordial—Mechinks I am so supplant!—Now, my little Mouse!—How do you?—Shall we walk in?

Mrs. D. Indeed Sir, I am somewhat ill! *[He calls her.]*

Wh. Prithee leave these excuses.—Thou know'st, I love thee.

Bil. See, Captain—See!—*[Bilboe and Titter Tu peep in.]*

T. T. Ah, the old Rogue!

Wh. Come, come.—You must.—I've had no Rent a good while.

Mrs. D. Indeed Sir, we've a hard bargain of't.—I hope your Worship will consider us against next Quarter.

Wh. Why?—You pay me no Money.—You know, I take it out (as they say.)

Mrs. D. But *Mr. Scraps* is very hard upon my Husband, and won't believe, but he has a double Lease.

Wh. I'll order that hereafter.—'Prithee come.—The Cuckold is secure.—Good faith, you shall.

Mrs. D. I cannot.—Nor will I.—Pray unhand me. [*They struggle.*]

[*Enter Bilboe, and Titere in, with their Swords drawn.*]
Bil. How's this?—My Landlady!—Cuckold my honest Landlord!

Kill him!—Kill him!—[*They both lay at him with the Flat of their Swords.*]
Wh. Good Gentlemen.—Spare my life.—Oh—Oh—

T. T. Hold—Hold—Better geld him.
Bil. Agreed—Agreed.—[*Mr. Double Diligence runs in.*]

Wh. O, good Gentlemen.—'Twill break my Wifes heart.—Good Gentlemen.—I am an Alderman.

Bil. Thou an Alderman?—I'll undertake, he stole this Chain and
Girdle.—[*Bilboe takes it off, and pockets it.*]
T. T. Come Brother.—Uncase.—Uncase.—[*They strip him to his Canvas Doublet, and Satin Skirt.*]

D. D. I had forgot my Night-cap.—How now!—What's here?
Stand—I require you, in His Majesty's Name, to keep the Peace.

Stand—What are you?—Thieves.—Thieves.—Down with 'um. *Mr. Alderman!*—Alas, good Sir, What makes your Worship in this condition?

Bil. Landlord.—I am confident, this is no Alderman.—The Rogue has lery'd my Landlady, a Man would not serve a Dog so.

D. D. How!—Stick a Bulls Feather in my Cap.—Make me a Knight o' th' Forked Order!—Is this true, *Mr. Alderman*? Is this true?

Wh. Failings, Brother *Diligence*, Failings.—Pray let the business be ended between our selves, and I will patiently submit to a Church-rebuke.

D. D. One good Action, is worth two Rebukes, and three Chastisements.—Pray Gentlemen, keep him here, till I fetch the Watch.

I will have it recorded, to my own Honour, the Example of all succeeding Constables, and Terrour of Justices; That a Constable, once in his time, laid a Justice of Peace by the Heels.—I'll be with you instantly.

[*He offers to go out; Whitebroth stops him.*]
Wh. Good Neighbour.—This will be as great a Scandal to our Fellowship, as that Abomination of the Elder's Maid, in *Bill-yard*.

Bil. Hold Landlord.—Is he an Alderman, in earnest?

D. D. Yes, yes.—But I'll Alderman him.—[*Bilboe holds him.*]

Bil. By no means.—Stay.—The old Gentleman may take Cold.—Pray Sir, put on your Cloaths.—'Twas well I ask'd the question.—I would not have it go farther for 5000*l.*—An Alderman!

Wh. Thank you, good Sir.—Pray take up the business.

Bil. Come Landlord.—Hang't—'tis done, and can't be help't. He shall give you a 1000*l.*

D. D.

D. D. A thousand pound! — Out upon't — now I shall will
Wh. 1000 *l.* Sir — Alas, I thought 10 *l.* or so.
Bil. How! — 10 *l.* — Send we make him accept a 1000 — 'Tis
 a foul business; the more you stir, the worse 'twill be — Will you
 refer't to me? — I hope to deserve a 100 *l.* of you my self.
Wh. What you will — But pray beat it as low as you can.
Bil. Come Landlord — What say you? — The Gentleman's willing
 to give you a 1000 *l.*

Wh. Oh — Undone — I'm a poor Man.

D. D. Tell me of a thousand Pound!

T. T. Nay, now, Mr. *Constable*, you're unreasonable.

D. D. Well then, let him throw in the Lease of my House too —
 And (for your sake, Major) I'll do't.

Bil. He shall — He shall — Burn it — 'Tis but an old House — Giy't him —
 Troth, I was afraid we should not have got him so low — You heard
 what he said, 'Twas for my sake too — I hope you'll consider it.

Wh. Well — If it must be so — No more words of't — I'll
 send you a 1000 *l.* to morrow, and convey over the House when you
 please — Oh — Oh — An undone Man.

Bil. In the mean time, a Bond (as you use to say) for Mortalities sake,
 would do no hurt.

Wh. What you will — I must obey.

Bil. Be not troubled — The Flesh, was good Flesh, and worth the Money.

Wh. But the Sauce though, was devilish dear.

Bil. Heark you, Landlord — Run to your Neighbour *Squeeze*, the
 Scrivener, for a couple of Blank Bonds — Make haste — And when
 the work's done, we'll drink abundantly; and remember the Founder.

D. D. Truly, I like it well; — Exceeding well — It is good to be thank-
 ful — Pray take the *Alderman* in, and I'll be with you instantly.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Afterwit, Beatrice, and Cis.

Ast. NOW you see, Madam, to how little purpose

We cross our Stars.

Bea. Had you but mist me now,
 I should have ventur'd that; and perhaps staid

That misery, which always follows rashness.

Ast. Trust me: — I warrant you, things will go right.

Now for a small Hedge Priest, to make the Knot;

We'll tie it faster, as we've better leisure. [Enter *Runter and Jolly.*

Keep back a little — I would not have them see us yet. [*Exeunt Afterwit*

and Beatrice.

[*Enter Runter and Jolly.*

Ra. Indeed I wont—You have been large to me } *Jolly would preside*
already—You must excuse me. } *Money upon him.*

Jol. Upon one condition, I may.

Ra. What's that, good Sir?

Jol. That you will give me leave to put it i' the Diurnal—

Ra. I must confess, I should be loth to be the Author of so ill a President—But if I should take it, how shall I be able to serve your Friend?

Jol. I have told you.

Ra. Hah—But such an opportunity will never happen.

Jol. I am certainly inform'd, he is now upon't :—For being taken very ill of a sudden, he has resolv'd to publish that Draught, which you made for him, and has lain in your hands ever since his last Sickness: Now instead of that, let him seal and deliver this Settlement upon my Friend, in consideration of Marriage with his Daughter, and the work's done.—Besides, if he should discover it, I have him so sure upon other Accounts, he dares not mutter.—

[*Runter peruses the Deed.*]

Ra. You are a notable Gentleman—You have done extream prudently, in leaving a Blank for the first words, *This Indenture, &c.* And that the Parchment is plain at top :—I will fill it up with *In Nomine Domini*, for fear some one should look over my Shoulder while it is doing ; when once 'tis over, 'tis easie indenting it, and scraping out *In Nomine Domini* ; and instead thereof, putting in, *This Indenture made, &c.* Trust me with it.

Jol. Shall my Friend depend upon you?

Ra. D'you think me a Knave—A word's enough—Yet if you would be rul'd by me, I would advise you to engage Mr. *Scruple* in the business ; He will be able to do much in't.

Jol. Will a Parsonage of 300 l. a year do't ?—If it will, my Friend has such a one newly fall'n, and giv'n me order (as I see occasion) to present it him.—But do you think he will conform?

Ra. I warrant you, he does both—Leave it to me to make him—I must confess, he has been somewhat violent heretofore ; but of late, I can assure you, very instrumental.—

[*Enter Scruple.*]

Here he comes—Pray leave us not ; there will be little said, but what you may be privy to.—Save you, Mr. *Scruple*.

Sc. And your Worship too :—I have been looking you every where.—Mr. *Alderman* presents you with that Health he wants himself, and desires you to come to him, and bring with you, that Draught of his Will, which was engross'd when he was last sick.—I left that learned Artift, Dr. *Mopus*, with him ; who shakes his head, and wonders at this sudden Alteration.—He says, they drank a Glas of Ale together, but few hours before ; But truly, now he doubts him.

Ra. Why ? What's the matter ?

Sc. The Doctor had a hard word for't, but I have quite forgot it.—He is taken with a strange Scouring and Vomiting : The Doctor knows not what to make of him :—Death is in's Face.

Ra.

Ra. Alas poor Gentleman—I'll wait on him immediately.—That things should fall so cross!—His Daughter is just marry'd.

Sc. How! Marry'd?—I am sure he knows nothing of it.—For his intention of sending for you, was, That he might so dispose his Estate, that the Court of Aldermen might not have the fingring of it.

Ra. It can't be help'd, 'tis done.—But heark you.—'Tis to a worthy Gentleman; and one that has so great an Esteem for you, That having a Parsonage of 300*l.* a year in his Gift, and now void, he is resolv'd to dispose it to no one, till you have refus'd it.

Jol. This is true, I can assure you, Sir; And by me, has made the offer to this Gentleman in your behalf; who, I think, knows me too well, to doubt the truth of't.

Ra. Indeed I do.—I'll take care your Presentation shall be dispatch't out of hand:—But—You must conform.

Sc. Well—Well—That shall break no Squares—300*l.* a year—I do assure you, a worthy Gentleman. [*Enter Afterwit, Beatrice, and Cis.*]

Jol. He comes himself, and his fair Bride.—Madam! All Joy.

Bea. Of what?—Will you persuade me into't?

Sc. Indeed, Mrs. Beatrice, Give you much Joy.—In truth, a very worthy Gentleman—I am sorry it was not my good fortune to have yok'd you together.

Ast. Perhaps it may not be too late yet.—You know, wise Men always marry their Daughters both ways.—It is not impossible but that Mr. Alderman and my self may be made Friends.—His Daughter is still alive.—How says my Dear?

Bea. Nay, pish.

Ast. I shall be glad, Sir, to be better known to you; And hope my Friend has made a small Present from me: Had it been better, your Worth deserves it.

Sc. Alas—Sweet Sir—I thank your love—I have accepted That, already—You are an obliging Person.

Ra. Come, Madam—You're melancholy.—Be cheary.—All will do well.—Mr. Scruple, A word—I think it were not amiss if you went before, and let him know, I am coming.

Sc. With all my heart.—Have you any thing further, wherein I may serve this worthy Person, and his Lady.

Ra. Why truly—Yes—You will do well to keep him in the same mind of making his Will—Since the young couple are together, and 'tis too late now, to part them; we must do something to secure them an Estate.

Sc. You say well.—And I will joyn with you in any thing;—Provided always, you carry it prudently, for fear of Scandal.—A Blot, is no Blot, till it be hit.

Ra. You must have a care that no one be in the Room, but our selves.—Not so much as his Wife.

Sc.

Sc. By no means.—If they should, I will cause 'um to withdraw, upon pretence of giving him some Ghostly Counsel, or the like.—Farewel.—You'll find me there.

Ru. Not a word.—Make haste.—And be sure to break the Marriage to the good Woman, before the Alderman comes to know it.—Watch your time.

Sc. I warrant you.

Ru. Madam, your Father has sent for me, and I must leave you for the present; but you shall be sure to hear from me suddenly.—In the mean time, if you please to repose your selves at my House, you shall be welcome:—You cannot be safer, nor nearer, if any occasion should be.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

SCENE 4.

Enter Scruple, discoursing to himself.

Sc. **T**Hree hundred pounds a year, and conform:—A fair opportunity; and if I slip it, may I never have another.—But heark you, Mr. Scruple.—You must subscribe.—Well.—And I will do it.—But what will the Brethren say?—How will the Sisters take it, when it shall be told 'um, *Vix gregis Ipse caper, de erraverat?*—Why.—I was an Act of my hand, not an Act of my heart.—But stay.—What needs this?—Has not the Direction of the Intention a Faculty to null Promises?—I take it, it has.—What say the *Casuits*?—If a Man promises, and had no intention to perform when he made it, he is not oblig'd, unless there be an Oath, or Contract in the case: For, when a Man says simply, I will do thus, or thus; it shall be conceived, he meant, if his Mind did not alter; for otherwise, were to deprive him of his natural Liberty.—But there is an Oath in the case (Friend Scruple;) There is an Oath.—How will you do now?—Well.—Suppose there be two;—I take it, the case has been determin'd long since.—I may take it *pro forma*, by a previous Protestation, nevertheless, that it shall not be prejudicial to me, in any thing that I shall act to the contrary, hereafter:—If not.—Our Brethren are clear in the point.—Equivocation, in cases of necessity, may be lawful;—'Tis a *Pia fraus*:—I'm sure, at worst, it is a probable Opinion; and all probable Opinions are equally safe in themselves.—But hold ye, Brother.—Are not Oaths to be taken according to the meaning of the Exactor of the Oath?—Perhaps they are:—What then? Suppose I bring a probable Opinion for the meaning of the Taker:—The Extreams are wide.—But I have found an Expedient (and yet not mine, but our Brethren's still:) The Swearer is not bound to the meaning of the Prescriber of the Oath, or his own meaning.—How then?—Sweetly.—To the reality of the thing sworn:—I think the Hair is split.—But who shall be Judge

Judge of that. — Of that hereafter : — In the mean time — Here is 300*l.* a Year, and a good House upon't. — I will Conform, Reform, Transform, Perform, Deform, Inform, any Form. — *Enter Mrs. Whitebroth, Form — Form —* 'Tis but one Syllable, and *and Mrs. Mopus.* has no very ill sound. — It may be swallowed.

Mrs. *Wh.* Now, blefs the good Man ! — What's that he says ? Form — Form — Marry, I hope you don't intend to Conform ?

Sc. Form is a good word. — A very good word. — *Forma dat esse rei* — And without it (Sister of mine) you could be neither seen, felt, heard, nor understood.

Mrs. *Mop.* Now, Goodness defend him — In the High-way to *Egypt* again.

Sc. Mistake me not. — I am neither for High-ways, nor High-places : — But

Mrs. *Wh.* But what ? — I hope you are not in earnest. — Will you forsake the *Good old Cause* ?

Mrs. *Mop.* Mr. *Scruple* Spew up the *Holy Covenant* ?

Sc. It forsook me, and not I it.

Mrs. *Wh.* What will the vile Cavalier say ?

Mrs. *Mop.* How will the Despisers of the Brethren bristle ?

Mrs. *Wh.* How will the old Enemy erect himself ?

Mrs. *Mop.* And the holy Sisters be humbled ?

Mrs. *Wh.* Who shall carry on the great Work ?

Mrs. *Mop.* Or perfect that, which you have begun ?

Mrs. *Wh.* Mr. *Scruple* transfigure ?

Mrs. *Mop.* Ah, No. — *Both of them.* — Hui.

Sc. You say right. — You are my Workmanship. — I have been working you these twenty years, and you are wrought : — But alas (I speak not this to you) There are a number of dissenting Brethren, and I have try'd 'um this way, and that way, and t'other way, and (to say truth) every way, but never the nearer ; And therefore, I'm ev'n resolv'd to try what the old way will do.

Mrs. *Wh.* Ah, Mr. *Scruple* ! — Do you know what you say ? — The old way !

Mrs. *Mop.* The old Whore ! — *Both.* — Hui.

Sc. Yes — The old way, though no old Whore ; — Wherein, notwithstanding, I do no more than what ever was, is now, and ever will be. — Mark what I say, and observe it : — Our Brother *Fox*, that had so little wit, as to write his *Book of Martyrs* ; had yet enough to keep himself from being one of the number.

Mrs. *Wh.* Ah, — What will become of the Flock ?

Mrs. *Mop.* And the little Lambs, how shall they play ?

Mrs. *Wh.* Who shall destroy the Chicken of the Wolf ?

Mrs. *Mop.* and break the *Leviathan's* Eggs, i' the Shell ?

Sc. Come (Sisters of mine) you live on the blind side of the World ; — I find the Cause, and its Interest, deserted by most people, unless it be

some

some few, That having found how sweet a thing it is to head a Faction, make use of us, as the Monkey did of the Cats Paw, to scrape the Nuts out of the Fire. I need say no more, unless it be, that I have a fair opportunity of 300*l*. a year offer'd me.

Mrs. *Wh*. I—do—do—And see who'll repent it first.—Never expect more Friday Night Suppers.

Mrs. *Mop*. Nor the sweet Society of Brethren and Sisters.

Mrs. *Wh*. What Fellowship is there in Stock-fish and Oyl?

Mrs. *Mop*. Or, instead of Gellies, to be swill'd with Frammentry?

Mrs. *Wh*. To exchange your Venison, for Red Herrings and Mustard?

Mrs. *Mop*. And Virgin Pullets, for Ling and Haberdine?

[*Scruple shakes his head, and sighs.* Hah.—

Mrs. *Wh*. Who will be Gainers now?

Mrs. *Mop*. On whose side the loss, when this happens?

Mrs. *Wh*. When the Benevolence shall dwindle to an Easter Penny?

Mrs. *Mop*. And purifying Dinners, into cracked Groats?

Mrs. *Wh*. When you're at charge of a Gown, for Sundays, and Holydays?

Mrs. *Mop*. And the Cassock comes out of your own Pocket?

Mrs. *Wh*. When the Boys try after you, it grows too fast?

Mrs. *Mop*. And the Knot of your Sallingle lies in the wrong place.

[*Again, but louder.* Hah.—

Mrs. *Wh*. And will you then leave us? Let not 300*l*. a year be any thing in the case; we will allow you four.—Pray consider; Did we ever forsake you? What have you lost by throwing your self on your friends?—If the worst come to the worst; rather than lose you, we will forsake our Carnal Husbands, and Carnal Children, and march off to *Arm-Eng-Land* together.

So, Now cannot I forbear, but I must accept your 400*l*. a year.—Let a Man strive never so much against it, Natural Affection will return upon him.—Comfort your selves; That is to say, be comforted; I will not forsake you.—*Conclusum est contra, &c.* I will not Confess; Nay, verily, I will not.

Mrs. *Wh*. Ah—Mr. *Scruple*! [*They both move on him.*]

So, Heark!—I hear the Alderman Run in—Run in—*I'll follow you instantly.* [*Exit Mrs. Whitebroth, and Mrs. Mop.*]

So, Now 'tis 400*l*. a year, and not Confess.—The Women are good comfortable Women, and I ought not in Conscience to leave 'em.—But hear me, Brother—What will you do with your new Parsonage? Why—I will get some or other Parson, and induce 'em, to save a Lapse, and take a Bond of 100*l*. of him, to resign at six Months; which he will forfeit of course, as not doubting but to be reliev'd against it, as Simonical.—So—There's 100*l*. got too.—He's gone every way.—At Common Law, 'tis his own Bond; In Equity, he might have resign'd.—But why Confess, Friend *Scruple*? Had not you as good sell it out right,

to avoid dispute?—I cannot tell:—But now I remember me, the *Casuits* take a notable difference, that is to say, between Money given (*pro valore Beneficii*) as the full price; and (*tantum motivum ad resignandum*) for your good Will, or so:—The first, they generally agree to be Simony; but for the latter, they leave it as a controverted Point, positively deny'd by very few, but such as have Money to give. [*Enter Whitebroth, lead by Mopus and Timothy. Whitebroth coughs.*] Alas, good Sir!—How does your Worship?—Pray Sir, how do you like him?

Mop. Troth, but ill; I'm half afraid of him.

Wh. Who's that? Mr. Scruple?

Sc. Yes Sir.—How do you?

Wh. Uh—Uh—Very ill.—Is the Doctor coming?

Sc. He'll be here immediately.—Poor Man! He was half distracted when I brought him the News.—

He's come.—How he sweats with haste!

Ru. My dear Friend, how do you?

Wh. Oh—Oh—Ill, ill;—Uh—Uh—Uh—Have you brought my old Will with you?—Let me see't. Uh—Uh—Uh—

Ru. Yes Sir; here 'tis. [*Runter gives it Whitebroth, he peruses it.*]

Sc. Indeed Sir, 'tis piously, and discreetly done, to settle Affairs so, that there may be no wrangling, in case you should do otherwise than well.

Mop. I wonder my Boy comes not.—I have sent him for a *Rosy-Cranian Preparation*, has fetcht a Man again, after he has been dead a day and half; I hope it may do good.—However, for fear of the worst, you do well to settle your Estate; it may ease your head.

Wh. Uh—Uh—Uh—Here Doctor.—Put some Wax to't;—

Set the Table nearer.—And give me my Seal.—[*Runter, in putting on the Wax, puts the Change upon him: he signs and seals the false Deed, and coughs all the while.*]

Ru. Sir, you are weak;—Do you deliver this as your Act and Deed?

Wh. Yes—I do.—Pray Gentlemen, be Witnesses to it.

[*Enter Boy. They witness it.*]

Mop. Oh—Are you come at last?—Here Sir.—Here's the most sovereign Cordial in all the World.—I was seven years in making one poor Pint and half of't.

Wh. I thank you, Sir.—[*He drinks.*]—Uh—Uh—It warms me strangely.—Uh—Oh—

Mop. Pray forbear Coughing.—You are weak.—How do you feel your self now?

Wh. I cannot tell.—But methinks it does me good.

Mop. I see by this sudden Operation, 'twill do the work.—You were best to walk in, and rest your self in your Couch a while, before the Fire.

Ru. I must run hodge a little, upon some urgent Occasions; but will see you again presently.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

SCENE 5.

Enter Double Diligence, and his Wife; Bilboe, Titere Tu. The Men drunk.

Bil. **W**HY Captain—What? All a mort?
T. T. Faith, I was contemplating upon the Pence.

Bil. And thou shalt have 'um, Boy—See here, my Bully!—*[He pulls out Whitebroth's Chain.]* Here's that will fetch 'um.

Mrs. D. Dear Major, give it me.

Bil. Thou shalt have any thing, my Jo.—Captain, Courage! We'll be merry to Night, and have a Wedding, though't be but a *Westminster* one.

T. T. What you will.

D. D. Well said, Major.—Ah for a Fiddle now.—Odds Nigs!

Bil. I hate those Puritan Oaths.—If thou must swear, swear like a Man of Office.

D. D. The old Boy still.—Now could I caper through the Moon.

—Hey tofs—Hang one Fiddle, we'll have a whole Kennel—Come, you Jade—Dance.

Mrs. D. Alas, Major—How pitifully my Husband is cut!—He'll be so sick to Morrow Morning.

Bil. Yes, Faith;—He has got a Rattle as big as a Drum.

D. D. Major!—A word—Do you think my Wife's a Whore?

Bil. Such another word—And—By all the Bones of my Back—

D. D. Nay, good Major—I was once a little jealous, till she told you of the *Alderman*—But now, I dare trust her to Lecture by her self.

Mrs. D. What's that you say of me? *[Enter Afterwit, Beatrice, Jolly, Runter, and Cis.]*

D. D. Stand—Who comes there?—Knock 'um down.—What are you?—I am the Constable.

Ast. The Fellow's mad.

Mrs. D. No Sir; he is only a little overtaken, as they say.

D. D. Stand off—Down with 'um—Stand—Treason—I command you to apprehend one another.

Jol. Many a good time has this Fellow's head been broke, to keep the Peace whole.—'Prithee take him away.

Bil. Landlord—They're Friends.

D. D. Which—Where—Here I could have 'um, and there I could have 'um.—*[He fences with his Staff.]*

Mr. Runter! I profess, I knew you not.

Ru. Then ha' done now.—Come Gentlemen, What say you? The business must be discover'd, first or last, and as good now (and perhaps better) than another time.

Ast.

Ast. I like it well——But think it were not amiss to lessen the Company.——We will not appear all at once.

Ru. However, let 'um be within Call.

Jol. Pray Gentlemen, keep together——We shall have occasion to use you presently.

Bil. You see, my Arm's in a Scarf——Much cannot be expected from me:——But for a dead lift, we'll make a shift to change hands.——Gi' the Word of Command there; Faces about, &c.

Jol. And hear me, Major——Lend me your Chain:——And let it be your care to provide some abominable Musick.——We'll bring him to our Bow, or run him to death with Fiddlers.——

Bil. I warrant you.——Here——[*He gives him the Chain. Exeunt all, but Jolly, Afterwit, and Beatrice. To them, Enter Scruple, and Mrs. Whitebroth.*]

Mrs. Wh. How! Marry'd? O my Child——My Child!

Sc. You might have believ'd me sooner——How often have I told you, she was in her *Teens*?——And you know, *Teen, quasi Teeming*.——I may be a little free with you——Young Girls are like Nuts; you must gather them when they begin to be brown at bottom, or they'll fall of themselves.

Mrs. Wh. But truly, I hope it is not so plain as you make it.

Sc. How think you? [Afterwit and Beatrice come up, and kneel.

Mrs. Wh. O my Child, my Child!——Thy Father is pretty hoddy again, but this will break his heart quite——O my Child!——Has he not hurt thee? [Enter Whitebroth, Mopus, and Timothy. After them, Mrs. Mopus

Ast. No great sign of death, Mother.

Wh. What's all this clutter?——Here's a noise for a sick Man, with all my heart!——[Afterwit and Beatrice kneel to him.] How's this?

Sc. Nothing but Matrimony, Sir; and Conjugal Love.

Wh. And were you Pimp to't?——I hope you have made sure of her Portion.——I can assure you, her Grandfather left her not so much as a grey Groat.

Ast. I have enough in her.

Wh. Much good may't do you.

Bea. Good Sir, forgive me.

Wh. Out of my Doors.——The Wench is pretty handsome, and will be able to get her own Living, if the Parish will but keep the Children.

Ast. I must not hear this Language.——Know you this——A good honest Settlement upon my self, [*He shows the Deed.*] And your Daughter, in consideration of Marriage.

Wh. Ha! Settlement! And in Consideration of Marriage!——I was not drunk sure!——When was this done?

Ast. Only a little Crop-sick——Very lately.

Sc. Indeed Sir, you desir'd this Gentleman, and my self, to be Witnesses to it.——I know my Hand again.

Map.

Mop. I saw you figa, feal, and deliver it.

Wh. I publih'd only my Will.

Mop. I know not what your meaning was; but you deliver'd it as your Act and Deed.

Wh. Timothy——Fetch me the Constable.

Jol. Sir, he'll save you that trouble; I met him just coming to you, about a suspicious person, whom he apprehended with this Chain in his Pocket. [*He shews the Chain.*] You cannot imagine whose it should be? [*Whitebroth makes no Answer, but holds up his hands, and walks.*]

Enter full butt upon him, Bilboe, Double Diligence, Titere Tu, and Mrs. Double Diligence.

Wh. Cheated——Cheated——As I'm an Alderman, purely Cheated.

Asi. How can that be?——You have the Reputation, of as shrewd a Man, as any upon the Bench.

Wh. Ah——Rogues all——Rogues all—— [*He walks again.*]

Jol. What say you, Sir? Here's the Constable now.——Come, come; be wise:——Your Daughter has marry'd a Gentleman.——Is not this better than a *Smithfield-Bargain*;——Give me so much Money, and my Horse shall leap your Mare?

Wh. Don't worry me with words.——I'll consider of't.

Sc. Good Sir——Marriages are made in Heaven.

Wh. Then I'll be sworn, I had ne'er a Friend there.

Cis. Truly, nor I neither——For indeed, methinks, they are very long in coming down. [*Aside.*]

Sc. Now, verily Sir; but this is a just Judgment upon you, for hoarding up your Moneys, and suffering the *Good old Cause* to starve.

Wh. Screech-owl——But where's my Doctor?

Jol. Why, Troth, Sir (you cannot blame him;) he is somewhat loth to appear, till he see how things are like to go.——Come, pray Sir.

Wh. Well Sir——I see by this Chain, the Major and you understand one another.——Let's have no more words——All Parties shall be satisfy'd:——Give me't.

Jol. There——And may you long live to wear't.——You may come down——All's well. [*To Runter, peeping above.*]

Wh. Come, Son and Daughter; the business is done, and I forgive you both:——And if that Settlement be not large enough, I'll make you a new one upon Demand.——You shall have your own Estate back, in present; and as you love your Wife, the rest after our deaths.——And so, you have my Blessing.

Asi. & Bea. [Kneel.] We thank you, Sir.

Wh. Come, let's be merry——And, as late as 'tis, fend for the M-sick:——We must have a Dance, at least.

Jol. See what 'tis to forecast a Man's business right;——They are gone for, and will be here instantly.

Wh.

Wh. But we forgot the main thing, the Posset. — Quickly *Cis*, and get one ready.

Mrs. Wh. How's this? Musick! Dancing! Posset! — Are they lawful, good Mr. *Scruple*?

Mrs. Mop. Are they not Rags of the Whore?

Sc. Thereafter as they may be us'd. — I will consider it a little, and give you my Opinion. — [*He walks. Enter Runter.*]

Wh. O my Doctor — You're a fine Gentleman: — Good faith, you are.

Ru. Who, I? — I care not if all my Faults were writ in my Fore-head. — [*Enter Tyro.*]

Wh. It must be in Short-hand then, or there will want Room.

Jol. Here's *Tyro* too. — You're ev'n come time enough to dance at your Mistresses Wedding.

Ty. How! My Mistresses Wedding?

T. T. Even so. — Alas, that I had but known of this before!

Ru. Women will have their Wills. — Let her go — I have another guess-thing in chase for you.

Ty. And shall I have her?

Ru. Thou shalt. — And heark you — [*Runter having whisper'd him, he rises, and scratches his Elbow.*]

Sc. Hum — I am full; and shall discourse him gradually. — And first, of the first — Musick; — Yes certainly, it is lawful — But what Musick? That's the Question. — We'll examine it a little: — Gimbals, they are Jewish; — The Harp, Malignant, and Irish; — Organs, Antichristian; — The Fluit, a meer Horn-pipe — The Fiddle, Out upon't! Most abominable; it Ulthers in Revels, and May-poles. — What then? — Why, truly, I agree with the Assembly — Bag-pipes; — A harmless, innocent Musick, and most agreeable to the Discipline and Practice of our Brethren of the Kirk. — Besides, it has (as the Learned observe) a specifick Quality, to mollifie, and soften the most Brutal Natures — Witness, the Bears, —

Emollit mores nec finit esse feros.

— But Secondly, for Dancing: — Why truly, that may be lawful too. — But here too, the Point will be the same; — What Dancing? — Country Dances; they are *Pagan*: — French Dances; Fye, fye; Antick: — Our ordinary Dancing, villanous, 'tis mixt, and promiscuous; a very Nicolaitanism: — The Benchers Measures; I must confess, they come somewhat near, were they not superstitious. — What then? — Why — The Men may dance in one Room, and the Women in t'other. — Lastly, for the Posset: — And truly, here I'm in a great Wood. — But not to dwell upon the Letter, whether Posset, or P-ossset; I shall take it as it lies before me — Posset — And truly, that may be lawful too. — Lemon-Posset is cooling — Carduus-Posset, *Benedictus* — And Sack-Posset, comfortable: — But Wedding-Sack-Posset — There's the point; — Truly, I half doubt it, and that for fifteen Reasons. — Hum —

Jol.

Jol. A plague o' these Fidlers——We shall be murder'd ere they come.

Sc. I say, for fifteen Reasons.——First, from the name of the thing; Possèr, from *Posse*, to be able: And from that fond Supposition, first brought into Weddings; An Invention, meerly carnal.——But Secondly, for that it ministreth abundance of unsavoury discourse.——Thirdly, for that the Grace before it is none at all; and the Grace after it, lewd.——Fourthly, That it is eaten (by the Parries chiefly concern'd) only in spite.——Fifthly——Hum——Haw——I say, Fifthly——

Jol. *Servavit Apollo!*——Strike up, strike up——One noise best drowns another.

Sc. A wholesome Observation lost.

Jol. Twill keep cold for another time.

Wh. Come Gentlemen——One Dance, and then for the Posset. [*They dance. Tyro pipes.*] Why, so——We're all Friends.——And now, you that are for the Posset, follow me.

Jol. Well mov'd——Well mov'd——The Bride begins to be sleepy.

Bil. Lead on before, there;——I'll bring up the Rear.——Come Landlord——Bear up for the Bar of *Chester*; and since we have had so good fortune to day, we'll henceforth boyl our Beef in Sack, and make the Beggars drunk with the Porridge. [*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.
